

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. IV. No. 7.

J. J. BURKE.
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning Oct. 16, 1890.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

REMNANT SALE DURING SEPTEMBER AT C. O. FOLTZ

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE, TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.
No. 5, 6:07 P. M.
No. 7, 10:38 A. M.
No. 9, 7:10 P. M.
No. 1, 12:39 A. M.
GOING SOUTH.
No. 2, 4:58 A. M.
No. 6, 11:58 A. M.
No. 8, 6:47 P. M.
No. 10, 7:35 A. M.
TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.
Reference mark * Stop on signal.
During the Summer Season, all of the above
trains, run daily between Chicago and Wauke-
sha, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.
W. F. ZIGLER, Agt.

**L. W. LEWIS,
JEWELER,
AT C. O. FOLTZ,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.**

DISCIPLE CHURCH,
Regular services will be held at the Dis-
ciple Church every Sunday. Preaching at
11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. by Elder Holloman.
Sunday School at 10:15 A. M.

Antioch Home News.

Mrs. Frank Pitman is slowly on the gain.

Attend the ball at Rogers hall this Friday evening.

Frank Hatch was a caller at our office on Monday last.

Our streets have been rather damp during the past week.

Barber Hodge moved into his new shop on Main St. Friday last.

M. H. Tyrrell of Wilmet was a caller at our office on Wednesday last.

The select party given at Rogers' hall on last Tuesday was not very largely attended.

The plasterers have been at work on the rooms underneath this office during the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Olcott and Mrs. Riley Olcott, were in Chicago the fore part of the week.

Messrs. S. A. Dinama of Trevor, Frank Williams, A. Chinn and y editor took in Chicago Saturday.

A. Chinn is off to Iowa this week and expects to arrive home in a few days with a car-load of new milch cows.

The brick work on Williams Bros. new store is completed and the building will soon be ready for the plasterers.

In all probability the Hon. A. J. Hopkins will favor the people of this village with an address during the coming campaign.

Remember the grand benefit concert at the M. E. Church this Friday evening and be sure and bring your friends along with you.

The Antioch brick yard has on hand a large quantity of excellent brick which will be sold in quantities to suit at lowest market prices.

Our weather prophet confidentially says that unless we have snow and cold weather, this winter will be an exceedingly mild one. He is probably right.

If report be true we are soon to have a Knight of the Last in the person of T. C. Richardson. The genial T. C. is too well known to need any recommendation at our hands.

A grand ball will be given on the coming Friday evening, Oct. 17th, at Rogers hall in this village. Music will be furnished by the celebrated Waukeasha Orchestra. Tickets, including supper, \$1.50. All are cordially invited.

There will be a grand benefit concert at the M. E. church on Friday evening, October 17th. A beautiful selection of vocal and instrumental music will be rendered together with a number of classic, popular and humorous recitations. Admission: Adults 25c. Children 15c. An enjoyable time in store for all who attend.

The sheep market reached a rather high notch during the past week.

Peter Strang of Millburn was in our village one day last week on business.

H. Shad has been putting on the tin roof on Williams' new store during the past week.

A number of our farmers received shipments of fruit trees in this village on Tuesday of this week.

Read the Auction Sale of Short Horns at Frank Cole's, Spring Grove, Mc Henry Co., Ill. on Oct. 30th.

Mr. J. McDougal intends to take a hunting and sight seeing trip through Virginia and Tennessee this fall.

Our section men had lively times one day last week, occasioned by a freight train getting off the track at Lake Villa.

If you want any kind of a musical instrument, fancy chairs, brackets, centre tables &c. for Christmas call on J. C. James & Son.

We understand that T. Udell contemplates selling the engine in his feed mill. He expected a party from Lake Villa to look at it on Saturday last.

New Home sewing machines \$37.00, Favorite, \$25.00, Organs, \$50.00 and up, Pianos, \$150 and up at James & Son's furniture store.

The numerous residences now under course of construction are rapidly approaching completion and will make valuable additions to our already pretty little village.

The potato crop is almost a failure in this vicinity. Large shipments have already been received and disposed of in this village. The selling price has been \$1.00 per bushel.

There will be an Oyster Supper at the residence of H. Thacker on Friday evening Oct 24th, for the benefit of the Centennial Church Sunday School Library. All are cordially invited to come.

C. Coon of this village made arrangements to ship three or four car loads of sheep last Tuesday night but the R. R. men failed to furnish him with cars so he was compelled to wait over until Wednesday.

There will be a dancing party at the Kines House, Fox Lake, Friday Oct. 24th. Good music will be supplied and also a good supper. Tickets \$1.50. Come one! Come all and bring your ladies.

SNYDER & JOHNSON, Prop's.

Some two weeks ago Mr. A. Chinn purchased of G. P. Montgomery 100 acres of land in Kansas, and is now the owner of two western farms, one in Iowa containing 160 acres, the other being in Pawnee Co., Kansas, also containing 160 acres.

C. O. Foltz now has his store heated by the hot air system and finds it a vast improvement on the old plan of heating by stoves. A uniform temperature is maintained throughout the building and the necessity of filling a stove every few minutes is done away with.

On Thursday evening of last week occurred the death of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Dardis of this village. The child was in apparently good health until within a few days of its death when it was suddenly taken with that dread disease cholera infantum and in spite of all that loving care and skilled treatment could avail it sank lower and lower until the evening of the 9th when without any apparent suffering it passed peacefully away. The funeral was held from the home of the parents on Saturday last and the remains were laid at rest in the Antioch cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. Dardis have the sympathy of their friends and neighbors in this their sad affliction.

A number of our citizens were in the World's fair city on Sat. last

Very few Jack-snipe have been shot in this vicinity so far this fall.

John Hendricks of Spring Grove was in our village on Wednesday last looking after the Insurance interests of the village.

On Monday evening of this week occurred the death of Charles Crittenden, an old and highly respected citizen of this vicinity. Mr. Clittenden had been seriously ill for some time and the news of his death was no surprise to his friends. His funeral was held at the Christian church in this village and was largely attended. The remains were laid at rest in the Antioch Cemetery.

DEMOCRATIC CO. CONVENTION.

A Democratic County Convention was held at the Town house in Libertyville, on Tuesday of this week. The meeting was called to order at 1:30 P. M. by J. A. Quinlan, chairman of the County Central Committee. On motion of Gen. G. C. Rogers, J. A. Quinlan was elected temporary chairman. Moved, seconded and carried that J. J. Burke and S. H. Bradbury be elected secretaries. Moved by George Wuit that the chair appoint a committee of five as committee on credentials. Motion carried and the chair appointed the following committee: P. H. Delaney, of Newport; J. F. Rooney, of Wauconda; Michael Hogan, of Newport; M. P. Walsh, of Waukegan; J. M. O'Connell, of Shields. While the committee were preparing their report Hon. Geo. Wuit of Grant, favored the convention with a timely speech on the "Tariff" in which several good points were made. C. C. Morse, of Hainesville, made a short address, urging that the convention place in nomination a good County ticket and work to elect the same. Mr. Burritt of Wauconda, being called for stated that he was not a talker but came there to work, and thought the convention had better proceed to business. Gen. G. C. Rogers being called for made a brief address in which he reviewed the stirring scenes of war days and said that the first company of Lake County veterans were organized in this same old hall in April 1861 and said he was there and was a democrat, then came home from the war and was still a democrat, expected to die a democrat and expected to meet some of the democratic boys who wore the Union blue, on the other side of the mystic river. The committee on credentials being ready to report shut off speech making and reported delegates in attendance from every town in the county except West Deerfield and Vernon. On motion said committee report was adopted. Moved, seconded and carried that the temporary organization be declared permanent. Moved, seconded and carried that we proceed to an informal ballot for County Judge. A roll call resulted in the following vote for County Judge: C. B. Soule, 20 votes; C. C. Morse, 13 votes; Gen. G. C. Rogers, 11 votes. Moved, seconded and carried that the nomination of C. B. Soule be made unanimous.

Moved seconded and carried that this Convention endorse L. C. Dorsett for County Clerk, M. W. Marvin for County Superintendent and Albert F. Conrad for Sheriff. C. C. Morse placed in nomination C. A. Sour of Vernon for County Treasurer. There being no further nominations before the Convention, on motion C. A. Sour was declared the unanimous nominee of the Convention for County Treasurer. There being no further business before the house, on motion Convention adjourned.

J. J. Burke
S. H. Bradbury
Secretaries.

GRASS LAKE.

Mr. John Ellinger and son Alfred of the Ellinger House and C. Herman took in the city a few days last week.

Mrs. Ella Delaney of Chicago is visiting at her paternal home the Paddock House.

Mrs. Aron Paddock of Sonoman Ill., and Mrs. Monroe of Bariboo, Wis. are visiting at the Paddock House.

Albert Herman has been to Dakota to see about his farm and returned last Tuesday with H. Middendorff.

Many thanks to Chas. Richie of the Herman sub-division for a nice string of bass and pickerel, presented to Asa Little last week. They made a lovely fry.

Wm. Soules of the Soules House and his nephew Lute have had a car load of potatoes for sale, which they had no trouble to sell. A good article always has a ready sale.

Henry Herman of the Herman House started Monday for Chicago where he will stay a few days, then he will start for Florida. His friends here all wish him a pleasant trip and a safe return.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Middendorff arrived home from Dakota on Tuesday last. They report having had a good time and Mrs. Middendorff says were it not for her home here she would not come back she likes it so well out there.

Mrs. C. Selter of the Selter House returned Thursday from Nebraska, where she has been visiting her daughter. She and husband will start for Dakota this week to visit another daughter, Mrs. Wm. Herman. They have our best wishes on their journey.

Mr. Parrie has returned from a three years trip over Oregon and Montana and other Western States. His wife stayed during most of the time of his absence at her cousins, Mrs. Lew Paddock. Their home is in York State. They will soon return there and their friends will hate very much to lose them.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Little gave their eldest daughter, Lina Belle a birthday party on her tenth birthday. Those present and the presents received are as follows: Lucy Ellinger box of gilt edge writing paper, Cora Ellinger vase and perfume, Mrs. John Ellinger and Mrs. Andrew Ellinger flowers, Renia Blunt one bottle of cold perfume cream, the Misses Alma, Mary, Orpha and Jessie Little handkerchiefs and neck ribbon Mamie Middendorff and Eva King lovely handkerchief, the Misses Jessie and Eva Pittman, of Lake Villa nice vases and handkerchiefs, May Goodwin a nice handkerchief box and one half dozen handkerchiefs, a new dress from Grandma Little, silver knife fork and spoon from Grandma Ramaker, a number of woolen stockings from Grandma Ramaker, silver napkin ring from her mother, a fruit stand of candy from her papa and a number of silver pieces from her sister Eva. Lizzie Overcamp gave her a beautiful necktie and also made the birthday cake for her with her name and age and bunch of French flowers in the centre. Last but not least came our obliging clerk in C. O. Foltz store who presented her with a large bag of bananas which the girls ate with great relish. Between three and four o'clock our photographer, Robert Selter came along and took the girls pictures as they were at play on the lawn.

TREVOR, WIS.

D. L. Stewart is still in the wool market.

Geo. Booth is now feeding 1000 sheep.

S. A. Dinama took in Chicago last Saturday.

Mr. Ketchum is feeding a large number of sheep.

Geo. N. Beasley is still here selling and looking after his sheep.

The butter factory is still running with more milk coming in every day.

Ed Adams got caught in the rain at Dave Stewarts and had to stay over Sunday.

Sam Stewart has a few fine full blood Victorias for sale which are hard to beat.

The Superintendent of the stockyards at Trevor went to Chicago last Saturday on business.

The Rev. Mr. Thayer has had a call to preach at Delfield, Waukegan Co. Wis., at \$1000 per year.

John Patrick from Evanston, a dealer in butter, cheese, milk and eggs was up to spend the Sabbath at Trevor.

The rain, the rain, the glorious rain came last Saturday and Sunday, which made the hearts of the farmers glad, especially those who were entirely out of water.

The Wis. Cent. R. R. is having a large freight business, and the passenger business is on the increase. Its accommodations are first class, and all employees of the road are courteous and gentlemanly and its patrons have no cause for complaint.

Nick Saemacher and Herman Judice took a trip to Fredonia, Ozaukee Co. two weeks ago and took a horse which was sold for a good price. They found a good crop of potatoes which were worth 75 cents per bushel. They came home Wednesday afternoon by the overland route. They took their own conveyance and had a pleasant time.

SILVER LAKE NEWS.

John Schlax is getting better.

Joie Riggs was home from Lake Villa Sunday.

G. H. Stockwell took a trip to Burlington Sunday.

Henry Runkel is visiting relatives and friends in Nebraska.

Mrs. A. Wicks visited at her fathers in Bristol last week.

Dad Overcamp won the gun at the raffle at Schenning's Hall.

Mr. Joe Minnis is on the sick list, threatened with typhoid fever.

Miss Amelia Brooks returned from her trip to Arizona last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Dixon visited relatives and friends in Paris part of last week.

Over sixty couples attended the dance in Alva Paddock's new barn Friday night.

Miss Annie Grant attended the wedding of Miss Ethel Crow in Pleasant Prairie Oct. 2nd.

Mrs. Dunning returned to her home in Union Grove on Tuesday, after making her son B. D. Dunning a visit.

News comes from Bristol that Mr. A. D. Cornwell formerly of Salem has had another shock of paralysis.

Mr. W. Baker of Salem is putting on a new coat of shingles and improving the looks of Mr. I. Van Wie's house generally.

Mr. D. Prosser attended church at Salem last Sunday and listened to a fine sermon delivered by Rev. Mr. Clark. Guess he is no relation to Cal Clark.

CAMP LAKE.

Gracie Haverstich is visiting friends here.

Miss Nettie Yaw spent a few days in Chicago last week.

The masons and carpenters are busy on Mr. Lamb's store.

Mike Gallagher is engaged to teach the Peterson school.

Mr. Enzenbacher's family have returned to the city for the winter.

Mrs. H. Yaw and daughters visited her mother Mrs. Miller last week.

A few of the young people of this vicinity attended the dance at Paddock's, Friday.

In Memory Of Mrs. Zamerzki.

Dearest more air! more air!
Throw up the casement, let it lift
my hair
Let it around my dying temples play,
While yet I linger on my homeward way.
Oh! sweet it is on earth - but sweeter there
In heaven where all is pure and fair.
Give me too light! more light!
That I may see the hand that clasped
eth mine;
Shut not the morning from these
weary eyes,
I never! never! more shall see it rise,
Let the bright sunlight on my pillow
shine,
Dearest, more light! more light!
Will ye not give me light?
That I may see thy face my darling
boy
Close to thy mothers, bending o'er me
low?
Or is it death that veileth all below!
Ah! yes, but heaven, so full of light
and joy,
Dawns on me - now 'tis light.
Now in pure and Celestial air
Her weary spirit bathes its spotless
wings
Freed from the dust of earth, she folds
them there,
Close by the river pure, where all
is fair;
And re-united with beloved ones sings,
She sings forever There
"Oh death! Where is thy sting!"
A. M. L.

SECOND ANNUAL SALE.

OF SHORT HORNS

Thursday, Oct. 30, 1890 At
Frank Cole's Spring Grove, McHenry Co.
Illinois.

40 HEAD-40
25 Grand Cows and Heifers, Springers
or Calves by their Side. Good Milkers.
15 Young Bulls Ready For Service.
None Better!
Terms of Sale

Notes payable six months after date,
without interest if paid when due; if not
paid when due to draw interest at 7 per
cent. per annum from date until paid.
The usual 2 per cent. discount for cash.
For Catalogues apply to

Frank Cole, Spring Grove,
or Fred Hatch, Mc Henry Co. Ill.
O. BECKINGTON, Auctioneer

FOR SALE:

A beautiful secluded location, situated
in the town of Antioch, and one mile
from the Antioch Depot, on the Wisconsin
Central railroad, a fine little farm of
sixty-nine (69) acres. Fine land all til-
lable, and adjoining that beautiful lake
known as Cross Lake, part of said lake
being in Illinois and part in Wisconsin.
This will make one of the most secluded
and beautiful Resorts ever offered for
sale in Lake County. Part Cash, balance
on time if desired. Apply to E. S. Duck,
65 Congress Park, Chicago, or Thomas
Wilton, Antioch, Ills.

BRAN, MIDDINGS, -AND-

SCREENINGS,

IN CAR LOTS

- AT CHICAGO WHOLESALE PRICES. -

CHRISTIAN BROS. MILL CO'S

MINNEAPOLIS

FLOUR,

- FOR SALE -

AT VERY LOW FIGURES.

Williams Bros.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

A HUNT FOR A MAN EATER.

When you go forth to hunt the lion you have a bold, open enemy. In ninety-five cases out of a hundred he will charge you if you meddle with him. In the other five he may get rattled and run away. The lion seldom prowls or sneaks. The tiger will often resort to measures unworthy of the wolf. One can always locate the lion at night, if he be full grown, by his voice. Fearing nothing on earth, human or animal, he delights in locating himself. Hunters have now and then been stalked by a lion, but in every case it was curiosity more than hunger which prompted the beast.

When the tiger stalks it is for blood. He is never curious.

We had been beating the jungles in the Bengalee district, to the west of Calcutta, for two weeks before any big game came our way. Our party was too large for a successful hunting party, being composed of over twenty officers, civil and military, who were out for a vacation, and the servants must have numbered fifty. We had plenty to eat, drink, and smoke, and now and then knocked over a wolf or hyena, but we could not expect to get within five miles of anything worthy of a bullet with such a camp as that. One day a native came in with a request that some of us return with him to a village called Dahur, about twenty-five miles to the northwest. He said that an old tiger had taken up his headquarters near the village, and during the four weeks he had been there the beast had killed and devoured a man, two women, a girl, and a boy. The natives had not traps, but he would not enter them. They had poisoned the carcasses of goats and calves, but he would not touch them. It had got so that at four o'clock in the evening every one entered his house and made himself secure for the night, while the tiger held possession of the village and carried terror to every soul.

Major Isham and myself got this news exclusively, and after a bit of planning we stole out of camp with our horses and arms, and followed the guide. It was about nine o'clock in the morning when we left, and as it was a cool day and we had a fairly good route, we pushed ahead at such a pace that at three in the afternoon we were in Dahur. We found the village to consist of seventy-two huts or cabins, covering about two acres of open. On the northern edge of the village was a creek flowing toward the Ganges, sixty miles away, and beyond this creek was a fertile spot of 200 acres, which was devoted to crop raising. The creek was bordered with a thick jungle about five rods in breadth, and it was at the crossing that the tiger had got in his deadly work. This creek could not be crossed anywhere for miles, except by cutting a way through the jungle, and the inhabitants of the village were talking of moving away when they heard of our big hunting party. The first thing was to inquire about the tiger's peculiarities as this far observed by the people. No two tigers were exactly alike any more than two thieves do. Let two men enter take up their quarters, each in the suburbs of a village twenty miles apart, and they will not pursue the same tactics.

"This tiger, sahibs," said the head man in explanation, "knows no fear. While we were working in the field at noonday he came out of the jungle, sat down like a dog, and looked at us for a long time. He saw that my brother's wife was very fat, and therefore selected her for his supper. We numbered over thirty as we started to return. We were singing and shouting to scare him, and the sun was yet half an hour high, but he came out of the jungle, looked each one over as he passed, and when my sister-in-law came up he sprang upon her and carried her off. He did not even growl. As he knocked her down his long tail whirled around and struck me in the side. Last night was the worst of all. As none of us had gone to the fields for three days, the tiger came into the village for his supper. An old man further up the street unfurnished his door to go into the house of his son across the street, and as he stepped forth the tiger seized him. He was a very large man, but the beast carried him off at a trot. You have, sahibs, an old and cunning beast to deal with, and if you do not have your wits about you he will eat you both."

No wild animal goes out to kill unless hungry. In each instance where the tiger had seized a victim he had remained quiet for the next two nights. We could therefore figure pretty closely on his next appearance. We went down that evening and looked the cover over. It was dense enough to conceal a troop of elephants, and as the creek was full of water the beast would have no inducement to leave shelter until hunger drove him out. As for pushing our way into the jungle to meet him, the idea was too foolhardy to be entertained. Once a tiger becomes a man eater he develops new traits. No pow-wow raised by a thousand natives can scare him away, and he becomes twice as dangerous to approach as before. That night the head man caused several large bonfires to be lighted, bells rung, old muskets fired off, and a great noise kept up for an hour. This was to inform the tiger that white men had arrived, and that a new deal was on.

We had plenty of time the next day to look the field over and make our plans. The natives were sent off to the fields to work, and we skirted the banks of the creek to the east until satisfied that the beast had its lair in a mass of rock so overgrown and sheltered by jungle that it did not seem as if a rabbit could penetrate it. He doubtless came and went by a path of his own at the water's edge. The situation was a good one to burn him out when the wind came right, but we did not want to try that until our other plans failed. Fires were lighted again on the first two hours after sundown was sufficient to scare any ordinary tiger out of the district. It was about 7 o'clock, and the major, the head man, two or three others, and myself were sitting about the head man's door smoking and talking, when an interesting event occurred. We were almost at

the northern edge of the village, and the noise was all to the south of us. I sat in the door facing to the west. The others sat so that their faces were turned toward the door.

All of a sudden I caught sight of the tiger approaching us from the north. He walked up to within 10 feet of the group and sat down, and stared at us. I could see him in the reflection of a fire as plain as day, and I noted his unusual size and strength, and the fact that he had a white spot about the size of a silver dollar on his throat. There was a conversation going on in which I was not included, and I had been looking at the beast a full minute before I was appealed to. Then I replied: "Gentlemen, make no move! The tiger is only 10 feet away! By moving backward 5 feet I can reach my gun. Should any of you attempt to spring up he will doubtless seize you."

The natives were struck dumb, but the major, fully realizing the situation, began singing a song. I moved backward 5 feet, and the tiger rose and walked toward me. As soon as I got my hand on my rifle I rose to my feet and stepped to the door to deliver a shot, but the beast was no longer there. No one had heard or seen him move, but he had disappeared.

"He came to see if you sahibs were really here, or if we were deceiving him," explained the head man when he had recovered his power of speech. "He has seen you. He knows that you seek his life. It will now be between you three, and you must look out or he will get the better of you."

Nothing further was heard from the beast that night, and next day we sent the people off to the fields again. After dinner we got a suit of clothes, and stuffed them with grass to represent a human figure—a man. We placed it in a kneeling position at the creek, with hands in hand, as if dipping up water, and at 8 o'clock all the people gathered, and we took our stations in a tree which commanded the crossing.

If the tiger appeared at the usual spot we had him at short range. We watched until the afternoon faded into darkness, but he did not appear. If he saw the figure at all he scented the trick. Then we fastened a goat to the tree, and took possession of a cabin 100 feet away. From a window looking out to the north we had a fine show to drop the tiger if he appeared. But he did not appear.

While all the village slept we stood watch, rifles on the cock, but, though the goat kept up a continual bleating for hours, she drew no other audience than a few jackals and hyenas. Next morning the head man said to us:

"As the woman was very fat she would last the tiger for an extra meal or two. He would not have touched the goat anyhow, but to-night he will come into the village in search of a victim; plan accordingly."

In the afternoon we had one of the families vacate their hut, and brought up the dummy and laid it in the sleeping corner. We then took possession of the next cabin, only about 80 feet away, and cut two openings in the wall to command the door of the first. The people went to their work as usual and returned at the usual time, and everybody was inside before the sun went down. What we hoped for was that the tiger would prowl through the village trying each opening to effect an entrance, and we had left this door so that he could open it. We did not look for him before nine o'clock, and were taking things easy at about eight, when we heard an uproar at the other end of the village. We two ran out, but were too late. The tiger had appeared, burst in a door by flinging his weight against it, and had seized and carried off a boy about 8 years old. The villagers were frantic with grief when they learned of the fact, and the head man said to us, while the tears ran down his cheeks:

"Ah, sahibs, but we may as well abandon our homes to-morrow. This is a wise and cunning tiger and you can do nothing with him. If we do not go away he will eat us up."

We quieted the people as best we could, and next day went about in person to make every bit secure. Every window opening was barred and every door provided with a prop. It was characteristic of the simple minded natives that while they lived in mortal dread, more than half the huts were so badly secured that the tiger could have entered. We had to wait again for the tiger to get hungry. As the crops could now take care of themselves for a few days, we ordered that the villagers keep quiet and show themselves as little as possible, and two nights and days were thus worn away. On the afternoon of the third day we killed a goat and dragged its bleeding body from the creek to the door of the hut wherein we had placed the dummy, and at twilight the village was as quiet as a graveyard.

The major and I stood at openings about five feet apart, and at ten o'clock we had not a sound. He came over to me to say that he was dying for a smoke, and to ask if I deemed it advisable to light a cigar. When I heard a pat! pat! outside, and cautioned him that the tiger was abroad. The cunning beast had not come by the trail we had prepared, but had made a circuit and struck into the upper or southern end of the village. As we afterward ascertained, he had been prowling around for an hour, softly trying every door in succession. Our opening were on the south side. The cunning beast seemed to be posted as to this fact and lingered on the north side. We plainly heard him push at our door and rear up and claw the bars of the window, and we hardly breathed for fear of frightening him away. There was a creaking under the door through which one could have shoved his hand, and the tiger got down and sniffed and snuffed at this opening for fully five minutes. Then he got up and remained very quiet. He must have had the scent of the fresh blood only two rods away, but it was plain that he had his suspicions. We stood at the openings, each one with his gun thrust out and ready to fire, when the beast suddenly made up his mind to act. With one bound he emerged from shelter and covered half the distance to the other cabin. At the second he went bang! against the door, pushed it in, and was hidden from our sight before we had had a show to pull trigger.

"Take him when he comes out!" whispered the major, and both of us watched and waited.

The beast no doubt expected to find a victim in the hut. He seized the dummy, gave it a shake, and the discovery he made broke him all up. Instead of coming out with a bound, he sought to play sneak, and was just clear of the opening, head down and tail dragging, when we fired and killed him over. He proved to be an old tiger, having lost many of his teeth, but he was big and strong, and would doubtless have made many more victims but for our interference. —Glasgow Herald.

THE GREAT NORTH AMERICAN GAME.

"Our Poker Set Fairly Runs the United States Senate."

There is a curious free-masonry in poker. Old players say that a man who can play really well never goes into any other form of gambling. Down at Washington the other day one of the members of the Senatorial poker coterie, which is very select, told the writer that there was no companionship like that of poker. "Do you know," remarked he, "that our poker set fairly runs the United States Senate? Well, that is the fact. We know and trust each other as we know and trust none of our other colleagues. We are always ready to do anything for one another that is at all reasonable."

"When a member of the poker set wants something done all he has to do is to pass the word among the others, and the first thing you know a way is found in which to accomplish the purpose in view. It is a reasonable and proper thing, too, this influence of poker on legislation. There is nothing like poker for getting at a man's character. The coward, the cheat, the ingrate, the grasping, selfish man will show himself in his true colors as sure as guns if he plays poker. Sit down with a man for an hour or two in a little poker game and when you get up you know that man like a book. You are ready either to drop him or back him as a man."

"Some years ago," interposed a N. Y. business man, "I was in charge of the credit department of a prominent mercantile house in which I was a partner. A country merchant came up to town and wanted time on a large bill of goods. We did not know him very well and so I said he would have to wait a few hours till I could make some inquiries about him. I went down to Broadway's and asked for the rating of my man. It was not very good. Then I wanted to know what the matter was and they said nothing except that he gambled. 'Well, how does he gamble?' I inquired. 'He plays poker habitually with some of the other business-men of the town.' 'Anything else?' 'Nothing that we know of.'

"So I went back to the store, and when the country merchant came in I put on my sternest look and said to him: 'Sit, how dare you come here and ask for credit when you are addicted to such wicked practices as these?' 'What?' he gasped. 'Do you mean to say, I went on that you do not gamble two or three times a week at your home?' 'Of course I do,' he replied; 'once or twice a week some friends and I get together and play poker, \$5 limit, that's all.'

"Now that you have confessed your sin, I said, 'there is one thing more I want to know. Are you a good poker player? Do you manage to win as much as you lose, or are you a sucker?' 'Well,' he said, 'I generally make the boys hump to take care of themselves.' 'Then,' I added, 'you can have the credit which you want at this store. Mind you, I do not approve gambling and I guess it must be a bad business, but if you are able to keep up your end we are not afraid of you as a debtor. We'll ship your goods in two or three days.' That night I sat in a little game with our country customer at my house. I had become interested in him and wanted to see what sort of a chap he was. Well, in a five-dollar game he won more than enough to pay his expenses up to town and back, and displayed one of the most magnificent nerves I have ever seen."

"When he went away I told him to draw on us for anything he wanted, as his credit was unlimited. I knew a man who could play poker as he did would make his way in the world. He is now one of the wealthiest merchants in the State of Iowa and a leading man in his section, prominent in the church and all public enterprises. I wish he would come down to Congress. I would like to get even on that last game."

One of the Senatorial poker players is Senator Vest of Missouri, though it is hardly fair to mention names in this instance. Vest is a bright, snappy man, very popular among his associates, and every one of them is glad to hear that the Missouri statesman has recently struck it rich.

Two years ago he was worth probably \$10,000 or \$15,000. Now he could clear up \$225,000. He has made this by some lucky speculations in Western mining properties, which he was induced to go into by such good friends as Senator Hearst of California and Martin Maglinus of Montana. Vest has plenty of nerve, and he put about the last dollar he had in the world on the say so of his friends, and luckily it was money well placed.

Adventures on the Plains.

Early in March, 1867, a party of friends, all old buffalo-hunters, now living and prominent citizens of Wichita and Great Bend, in Kansas, were camped in Paradise Valley, then a famous rendezvous of the animals they were after. One day, when out on the range stalking, and widely separated from each other, an awful blizzard came up. Three reached camp without much difficulty, but he who was the furthest away was fairly caught in it, and night coming on, was compelled to resort to a method frequently employed by persons lost on the plains. Luckily he soon found a superannuated bull that had been abandoned by the herd, and killing him took out the ribs, and himself crawled inside the huge beast, where he lay comparatively comfortable until morning, the storm having cleared off, and the sun shining brightly. But when he attempted to get out, found himself a prisoner, the immense ribs of the creature having frozen together, and looked him up as tightly as if he were in a cell. Fortunately his friends, who were searching for him and firing off their rifles—which he heard, and yelled out to them—discovered and released him from his peculiar predicament.

At another time two old plainsmen were away up the Rio Platte among the foot hills hunting buffalo, and they, as is generally the case, became separated. In an hour or two one killed a fat young cow, and, leaving his rifle on the ground, went up and commenced to skin her. While

busily engaged in the work, he suddenly heard, right behind him a suppressed sort of a snarl, and looking around, saw to his dismay a monstrous grizzly, ambling along in that animal's characteristic manner, within a few feet of him.

In front, only a few rods away, there happened to be a clump of scrubby pines, and he inconspicuously made a break for them, climbing into the tallest in less time than it requires to write of it. The bear deliberately ate a hearty meal of the cow, and when he had satisfied himself, quietly lay down alongside of the carcass and went to sleep, keeping one eye probably on the hunter crouched in the tree. In the early evening his partner came to the spot, killed the bear, which, full of buffalo, was sluggish and unwary, and became an easy victim, and the unwilling prisoner came down from his perch. The last time I saw him he told me he still had the bear's hide, which he kept as a memento of his foolishness in separating himself from his rifle, a thing he had never done before nor since, and which no hunter should be guilty of.—Henry Inman, in Harper's Weekly.

WORKING HOURS ABROAD.

The Length of the Laboring Day in Various European Countries.

A Turkish laboring day lasts from sunrise to sunset with certain intervals for refreshments and repose, says Chambers' Journal. In Montenegro the day laborer begins work between 6 and 6 in the morning, knocks off at 8 for half an hour, works on till noon, rests until 2, and then labors on until sunset. This is in summer. In winter he commences work at 7:30 or 8, rests from 12 to 1, and works uninterruptedly from that time to sunset. The rules respecting skilled labor are theoretically the same, but considerably laxly prevail in practice. In Serris the principle of individual convenience rules in every case. In Portugal from sunrise to sunset is the usual length of the working day. With field laborers and workmen in the building trade the summer working day begins at 4:30 or 5 in the morning and ends at 7 in the evening, two or three hours' rest being taken in the middle of the day. In winter the hours are from 7:30 to 5, with a shorter interval of repose. In manufacturing the rule is twelve hours in summer and ten in winter, with an hour and a half allowed for meals.

Eleven hours is the average day's labor in Belgium, but brewers' men work from ten to seventeen hours; brickmakers, sixteen; the cabinet-makers of Brussels and Ghent are often at work seventeen hours, with an hour and a half off at noon; railway guards sometimes know what it is to work sixteen and a half hours at a stretch, and in the mining districts women are often kept at truck-loading and similar heavy labor for thirteen or fourteen hours.

The normal workday throughout Saxony is thirteen hours, with two hours allowance for meal-taking. In Baden the medium duration of labor is from ten to twelve hours, but in some cases it far exceeds this, often rising to fifteen hours in stone-ware and china works and cotton-mills; in saw-mills to seventeen hours; while the workers in the sugar refineries, where the shift system is in vogue, work for twenty-four hours and then have twenty-four hours free, and in many of the Baden factories Sunday work is the rule. In Russian industrial establishments the difference in the working hours is something extraordinary, varying from six to twenty. It is remarkable that these great divergencies occur in the same branches of industry within the same inspector's district and among establishments whose produce realizes the same market price.

Charity of the Persian.

A Persian of rank always keeps open house. In addition to the frequent and sumptuous entertainments of such an establishment a traveler of distinction may always find a comfortable lodging in the chief houses of a town or village. More than this, the poor can generally obtain a meal there. It may be merely a meal of bread and rice or a ragout; but when the poor man at the gate asks for it it is not refused. While naturally many would hesitate to beg even when needy, yet in every place there are some who are dependent on charity and they are not likely to suffer in Persia as sometimes with us. The reason for this custom is partly because the Mahometan religion inculcates charity to the faithful as a means of promoting a sure entrance to the realms of bliss; it may also be in part because the position and reputation of a graudée are enhanced by the ostentatious charity. But in many cases the custom is undoubtedly practiced because of the genuine kindness of heart of the giver, for there is such a thing as true benevolence in Persia, and a man who might be cruel, selfish, or treacherous toward a rival may be found to show unaffected kindness toward those from whom he has nothing to fear.

Cast-Off Clothing for Negroes.

Thousand of southern negroes wear the cast-off clothing of New Yorkers. Such clothing is bought for little or nothing by peddlers, who sell it to wholesalers in the central European quarter. The wholesalers clean, patch, and press the garments, arrange them according to sizes in dozens, and await the southern merchants. The latter come from Washington, Richmond, Charleston, Mobile, and half a dozen other convenient cities and buy as best they may. The wholesalers sell on ninety days' credit, and if no merchant does not offer fair prices they wait the coming of others. Nobody's profits are extraordinarily large, but those of the southern retailer are probably the best.

References Required.

Mr. Hightone: "My dear, you must send that new girl away at once. She is not fit to have around." Mrs. Hightone: "I will, just as quick as I can write her a reference." "Reference? Do you mean to say you intend to give a creature like that a reference?" "Of course. How can I help it? If I don't she'll tell everybody about the condition you came home in the other night, and the way I talked to you."

Wilbur Lumber Co.

ANTIOCH, ILL.

Dealers in all kinds of

LUMBER

Shed, Doors, Blinds,

Building Paper, Cedar Posts,

Wood and Wire Fences

COAL!

LIME, CEMENT, ETC.

Don't Go Anywhere Else Until

You Learn Our Prices.

Office and Yard near the Depot,

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

H. G. DARDIS, Manager.

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.

CHICAGO, ILL.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

Mrs. Mary Ann Marsh and her daughter Lucinda, aged 10, were arrested in Chicago. Lucinda is a cash-girl at a store and is accused of larceny. In the girl's pockets was found \$13.50. She admitted having stolen \$50 last week, all of which, she says, she gave to her mother. The latter is charged with receiving stolen property.

John Loughlin's school-desk factory at Sidney, O., caught fire and burned to the ground within two hours. The warehouse, office building and lumber yard were uninjured. The loss may reach \$25,000, and was insured for \$21,000. Two dwellings and four barns were also burned.

Fire at Ashland, O., destroyed the business houses of H. F. Riddle, Mrs. Hoffman, and Alexander McKelvie.

Thirty-one members of the crew of the United States steamer Nipsic deserted on one day.

L. G. Pratt & Co.'s cart factory at Kalamazoo, Mich., was burned. The damage to the building and machinery is \$10,000. It was the work of an incendiary, and the third time Mr. Pratt has thus suffered.

Frank Wooden, colored, who confessed to setting fire to the residence of Dr. Pace, at Athens, La., was lynched next day.

Two men were killed in a railroad accident in the St. Louis tunnel.

The Jews in Sebastopol have been ordered to leave that city.

John L. De Witt, Judge of the Common Pleas Court at Sandusky, O., was instantly killed by a train while hunting.

Jacob Deffel, a farmer living near Holland, Mich., went on a visit to relatives. Not returning, a searching party was organized. They found him unconscious in a ditch, with a bad wound behind his left ear. He will probably die. The motive of the assault is unknown.

The Corning mill connected with the Dupont Powder-Works at Wapwallopen, Pa., exploded from some unknown cause. So far as known no one was injured, although the concussion was felt fully twenty-five miles distant.

Two babies, one 3 and the other 2 years old, were asleep on the Rock Island track at the edge of Des Moines, Ia. The passenger train came thundering along, and both babies were killed. The father, Peter Burg, is a coal miner.

The steamer John D. Dewar was stolen from a wharf at Frankfort, Mich. Suspicion rests on Capt. Zimmerman. Search is now being made.

At Chicago Charles Wagner was sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary upon the charge of larceny and larceny.

Thomas Greening, a farmer living near Cameron, Mo., shot and fatally wounded William Lohman, while the latter was setting fire to Greening's barn.

C. E. Osborne, dealer in dry goods in Decatur, Mich., was cloped up. Liabilities, \$2,800; assets, \$5,000.

The bones of twenty Chinamen at Rock Springs, Wyo., some of them the victims of the labor riots there, are being shipped to China for burial.

A misplaced switch on the Kansas City St. Joseph and Council Bluffs road, at Pacific Junction, Ia., caused a collision between a west-bound freight and a switch engine and caboose in charge of Engineer James Clarke. Clarke was killed and both engines broken up.

Steve Jacobs, a notorious negro criminal and desperado, was executed at Lumberton, N. C., for the murder of three women near there several months ago.

Tilly M. Lewis, a prominent merchant and politician of Clinton, Miss., was assassinated by an unknown man in front of his residence.

Fred Broadhead, owner of the Winthrop and Mitchell mines, arrived at Ishpeming, Mich., and compromised with his men, 600 in number, who have resumed work. The other mines refuse to make any concessions whatever, and the strikers at a meeting held decided to stay out.

Loring A. Robertson, a leather merchant, was found dead in his room at the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn. He was about 60 years old and unmarried. His estate, it is said, will reach about \$1,000,000.

An explosion occurred in the Pyrotechnic School at Bourges, Department of Cher, France. Ten persons were killed and many injured.

Edward Caton, a cigar-maker, twenty-five years of age, committed suicide in the rear of the White House, in Washington. He squeezed his head in between the iron railings of the fence that surrounds the grounds and choked himself to death.

A brakeman was killed and thirty cars of freight were destroyed by a collision on the Reading road at Paul Brook, Pa.

Mary and Eliza McGonigle, living near Cumberland, Ont., were mysteriously murdered while returning from school.

Charles E. Killam, of the Michigan Buggy Company, was found dead near the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad tracks at Kalamazoo, Mich. A deep cut in the head was the only wound and the officials are mystified as to the cause of his death.

On the Cincinnati and Newark division, at Union Station, a journal of a freight car on an extra east-bound freight broke, fourteen cars were piled up in one confused mass, and the double track blocked. No one was hurt.

The dead body of E. J. Wagner, a peddler, was found lying on the floor of his room in Chicago. His friends say he was a victim of morphine, and think that when he retired he probably took an overdose.

The settlers west of the Missouri River are complaining bitterly because the Indians along the White River have started prairie fires and burned the grass off the ranges.

William Roxbury, at one time a prominent man in Allegan county, Michigan, committed suicide by hanging at the Kalamazoo Asylum. He had become insane through a \$100 loss in a wheat deal years ago.

An unexpected and heavy flow of gas was struck in a well near Lima, O., and the fluid catching fire from the lamps in the derrick caused a terrific explosion. F. Ernhardt was fatally burned and C. Brant and Ralph Putnam were badly injured.

A young man named Mathias drove to the residence of John S. Roper, near Clarence, Ia., a former employer, and upon being ordered off the place drew a revolver and fired upon Roper and son several times without effect. He then shot himself, inflicting a fatal wound. Unrequited love for Roper's daughter led to the shooting.

Henry Haworth of Cooke, Neb., was killed by the cars in St. Louis, Mo.

A fire in the Academy of Music Building at Pittsburgh damaged the structure to the extent of about \$10,000.

Francis Lingo, a negro, has been found responsible by the coroner's jury for the death of Mrs. Miller, whose body was found in the weeds near Camden, N. J., recently.

Capitan Enright of the schooner Arthur shot his wife three times while in company with a man named William Murphy in Toledo, Ohio. She lies in a precarious condition. Murphy was also shot, the ball striking his nose and glancing across his left cheek. Enright was arrested.

La Grippe has struck Burlington, Iowa. Two deaths from the disease are reported. The business portion of the village of Hickrell, Neb., was almost completely wiped out by fire. The loss will aggregate \$12,000; partially insured.

Two Pan-handle freight-cars in collision near Frazeeburg, Ohio, causing the demolition of both engines and about twenty cars. Trainmen saved their lives by jumping. The wreck was one of the worst ever happening on the road.

Henry Beauregard, when passing through the woods near Ishpeming, Mich., was mistaken for a bear and shot.

Joe Tietjens, aged 55, a wealthy farmer who lived at Tietjens, near Clinton, Iowa, was thrown from his wagon and had his neck broken.

A young son of Lewis Meyers, of Memphis, Mo., died of hydrophobia. Mr. Meyers was also bitten.

Four boys, sons of prominent citizens of Spokane Falls, Wash., are under arrest on the charge of burglary. In their place of rendezvous were found a full set of burglar's tools and a number of valises containing valuables of all kinds.

Gov. Campbell, of Ohio, has refused to pardon Isaac Smith, the Pike county murderer. The execution will take place Oct. 21.

Patrick Carr was killed and Charles Prueti fatally injured by a freight train near Rochester, Pa., while tramping on the track.

Harold McDermott, 10 years old, of Brownsville, Tenn., accidentally shot his sister, Miss Floy, with a target rifle. Her wound is dangerous.

Nathan Willet, of Norwalk, Cal., is under arrest on the charge of murdering H. B. Woodward in Anderson county, Texas, seventeen years ago.

Mrs. Driscoll, the young woman who shot herself in Chicago, and who has been hovering between life and death for a few days, has died.

Unknown robbers bound and gagged Mrs. Charles W. Wyland of Rochester, N. H., and stole \$200 from the house. Mrs. Wyland was unconscious when found.

The house of Mathias Gagnon was pushed into the river by a land-slide near St. Pierre, Quebec. Mrs. Gagnon was killed and her husband dangerously injured.

An attempt was made to wreck the mail and express train on the Ohio River Railroad, but the train was wedged in between the rails, was discovered in time to avert the disaster.

Conductor Simpson has been held by the coroner of Cincinnati to answer to the charge of manslaughter in connection with a collision at Madisonville in which a fireman was killed.

Mrs. Jehiel Tryon was burned to death and her husband badly injured in a fire which consumed their house near Middletown, Conn.

Terrence V. Palmer, an undertaker, committed suicide in New York by hanging himself to a gas-pipe in a little room in the rear of his store.

Al Lewis, 23 years of age, jumped from a north-bound train on the Illinois Central in Chicago, and sustained a compound fracture of the leg. He fell in front of a south-bound train. Health Officer Michael Connel dragged him away just in time to save his life. Lewis was taken to a hospital.

James M. Fortner, Treasurer of Riley county, Kan., who was arrested last spring charged with embezzling \$30,000 of the county's funds, pleaded guilty in court and was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

A monster wildfire is terrifying the inhabitants near Scotts, Mich., and organized bands are hunting the animal. It wiped out a whole pack of hounds several nights since.

Mrs. Maria E. Klute, aged 84 years, was dropped from the second-story window of her home in St. Louis by her daughter in order to save her from a fire. By the explosion of a gasoline tank John Hahling, a fireman, was fatally injured. Will Wand, Fred Foss, and Mike Tooley were seriously injured.

Richard Ackley was held to the grand jury in Brooklyn, Ia., on the charge of placing an obstruction on a Rock Island track. He says he did it because the trainmen put him off the train.

Richard Remy, a teamster, was killed in a peculiar manner in Chicago. He had been drinking heavily and went to get his team. While backing up the horses made a lunge forward and the pole of the wagon struck him. He died soon after.

George Koller, charged with the murder of Jacob Catron at Caledonia, Ky., six years ago, was arrested in Plattsmouth, Neb., by the Chief of Police of Frankfort, Ky.

She Fought bravely.

Mrs. Saunders, widow of a veteran of the late war, keeps a toll-gate on the plankroad five miles from Washington, Pa. She lives alone with one young son in a little frame cottage. Mrs. Saunders heard a knock at the door, and when she opened it she saw the figures of two men. They wore masks. The men asked for the toll. Mrs. Saunders refused to pay. The men demanded her money. She declared she had none and offered to show the men through the house. They entered the house. Calmly walking to the bureau she drew open the drawer and quietly tossed up the contents with her fingers in an apparently careless manner. The men looked on fiercely and cursed her.

Suddenly she turned toward the big man, and before he could recover from his astonishment, fired a shot at him. She had gotten her hand on a revolver in the drawer, and knew how to use it. With one oath the big man struck with his fist at the delicate woman, and his companion drew a revolver and opened fire. After a dozen shots were exchanged, of which the plucky woman fired three, the men retreated through the door and left their victim prostrated in her own blood. The shots attracted the attention of her son, who was in an adjoining field. He found his mother bruised about the face and unconscious. Mrs. Saunders had been shot through the abdomen and the wound is probably fatal.

A posse was hastily summoned and the country is being scourged by horsemen.

Crew of a Schooner Lost.

During a storm the schooner Mary Jane, hailing from Charlotteville, P. E. I., and owned by Capt. Hutton, of Wallace, N. S., was wrecked off North Beach, Jourdain Island, near Cape Tormentine. Men from the schooner tried to reach the ill-fated schooner, but failed to rescue the sailors, whom they could see clinging to the vessel's rigging. In the morning they succeeded in boarding the schooner only to find that all the men had succumbed to the cold and storm of the night and had found watery graves. A man's body was found on the beach near by. It is reported that four more bodies have been recovered.

Those who speak well are not eager to speak much.

A FATAL BLUNDER.

A COLLISION CAUSES ONE DEATH AND MANY INJURIES.

Storms in West Virginia—Both Found in the Lake—Five Persons Drowned—Other News.

A Sad Mistake.

A freight-train of the Minnesota Eastern and a stock-train of the Omaha line collided on the Great Northern track at Como, Minn., one person being killed and nearly a dozen injured. James Hill of West Superior, the fireman of the Eastern train, was scalded to death under his engine. John Brown lost his right hand, and Wm. Johnston of Washington State, on his way with a load of cattle to Chicago, was badly bruised and injured internally. Absalom Anderson was cut in the left side. John Gander in the face, and James English in the temple, and Frank Young had part of his nose cut off. A dozen horses and cattle were killed. A new switchman, who has been at work only three days, switched the Minnesota Eastern train on the wrong track. He has fled. The injured men are being cared for at St. Joseph Hospital, St. Paul.

Heavy Storms in West Virginia.

A great storm swept over Wheeling, W. Va. Communication is cut off from up the Wheeling Creek Valley, and it is impossible to say what the extent of the damage is. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad is the severest sufferer. Two or three bridges were swept away between Wheeling and Pittsburgh, and traffic is entirely suspended. Great crowds are gathered about the Main street bridge, Wheeling, which is expected to go every moment. This is the structure erected in place of the bridge which went out after a similar storm two years ago and carried with it twenty-five people. The two creeks which run through the city are raging torrents. Cellars are flooded and great damage has been done. The electrical displays was magnificent.

In the valley of Caldwell's Run, where a dozen lives were lost in 1888, six or eight families were flooded and their bridges carried away, while a number of cattle were drowned and much property destroyed.

Both Found in the Lake.

Annie V. Dallas and her lover, Lawrence McElbeth, a piano player, quarreled recently in Chicago. Next evening the woman's body was found in the lake and a day later the man's remains were fished out of the water not far from where the woman was discovered. Whether the couple met death by accident, suicide, or murder may never be known. Some of the police are inclined to believe the woman was thrown into the water by her lover and that he subsequently drowned himself.

The woman was about 21 years old and her former home was at Edenville, Ind. McElbeth is said to be from Saratoga, Canada. The victims had been living together for some time.

Drowning of Five Persons.

Five persons were drowned in the river at Kinkora, N. J., by the capsizing of a boat. They were Solomon Fletcher, aged 32; John Fletcher, aged 22; Angelo Fletcher, aged 21; Charles Merriek, aged 43; and James Cannon, aged 22. The three first were brothers. All five were employed at Murrell Dobbins' brick-yard. The men were bringing twenty-three large plings, each about fourteen feet long, from Silver Lake Ice-house in an open boat with a stevedore. In attempting to make land their boat was upset.

Casualties in Chicago.

An unknown woman about 50 years of age and quite comfortably clad met an instant death. While an engine on the Northwestern road was going north the unfortunate creature deliberately walked in front of it, and was in an instant ground almost to a pulp. Her head was completely severed from the trunk, and was found some twenty-five feet from the mangled body alongside the track.

James Clerkus, a laboring man, while attempting to cross the Lake Shore tracks at Fifth-street in front of a city-and-suburban train, was knocked down and seriously hurt. He was removed to his home.

Charles Yurko, a boy 5 years old, was run over and dangerously injured by a wagon at the corner of Fay and Erie streets.

Nicholas Koenig, a boy 11 years of age, was run over and killed by a wagon at the corner of Ashland and Chicago avenues. The boy's dead body was taken to the home of his parents. The driver of the team hurried away, and officers were started in pursuit.

Two tugs entered Mr. Bagley's boat-building shop and asked for a can in which to get beer. They were ordered out, but instead of going attacked Mr. Bagley, seriously injuring him.

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Killed by a Cowboy.

George H. Henderson, manager of the Clay and Forrester Cattle Company's business in Wyoming, was shot and killed by a cowboy in his employ, who escaped after the killing. The killing occurred near Rongia, Fremont County, the scene of the lynching of Postmaster Averill and Cattle Kate about a year ago and is an outgrowth of that affair. There has been trouble between the small ranchmen and the big herd-owners for years. Henderson's predecessor, C. L. Andrews, was shot at through the window of his house and wounded the next day. A week after Henderson took the management he was shot at in the dark. Twice during the last year attempts have been made to kill Henderson. He has been urged by friends to give up the place but refused. He was one of the most fearless men in the West, and an expert shot with the revolver. Henderson had been in Wyoming for eight years. Although well-known there has always been something mysterious about him, and his most intimate friends do not know where he lived before coming to Wyoming.

Killed Himself in a Saloon.

Despondent and crazed by drink, Robert Reynolds killed himself in a Chicago saloon. Reynolds was a traveling man, and for the last three weeks had been drunk almost constantly. He entered the saloon with a bottle of whiskey and a gun. After drinking Reynolds suddenly cried out that he was going to kill himself, and in the same instant drew a bullet through his heart. He died almost instantly. The saloon woman was taken to the station. She says that Reynolds came to Chicago from Kansas City, where his father is a wealthy shoe dealer. She also claims that he asked her to marry him, and that her refusal was the cause of his suicide. She said that he had stolen \$1,000 from his father and that he had been dragged repeatedly and robbed of the money by the father. Reynolds was a hotel where Reynolds lodged, who claimed to have been intimately acquainted with him, says that his home was in New York and that all his troubles are due to desertion by his wife.

Black Business.

A single highwayman held up County Clerk J. J. Netterville and Colvin Allen, candidate for auditor, a half-mile east of Anderson, Ind., at 7 o'clock in the evening, getting about \$10 and Allen's watch. Netterville and Allen were in a buggy, and were on their way to a political meeting.

A half-hour later the same robber met George Hartman, a farmer, who was returning from Anderson, with his wife, and, at the muzzle of a revolver, made him give up \$2.50, all the money he had.

At 9 o'clock the fellow boarded an Ironside street car in the suburbs, knocked the driver off the platform, kicked him into the gutter and took \$5 from him. At 10 o'clock Mr. Stobber caught Walter Simms as he was entering the rear part of his house, near the center of the town, thrust a pistol into his face, and compelled Simms to give up \$11.

The fellow got away.

Unique Shooting Affair.

The village of Muscatine, near Atchison, Kan., was the scene of a unique shooting affair. A Mrs. Plummer accused Dr. Martin, who keeps a drug store there, of selling her husband liquor, and called at his store and immediately began shooting at him with a revolver. She fired three times, one of the bullets taking effect in the doctor's leg. But he was not disabled and promptly pulled his own revolver, but his excellent overcame him and he was unable to use it. A clerk in the store seized a can of paint at the woman, hitting her on the cheek, and he then followed her out upon the sidewalk and threw bricks at her, but she escaped without serious injury. Dr. Martin swore out a warrant and she was arrested on a charge of assault with intent to kill.

A Banquet Under a River.

The opening of traffic by the tunnel under the St. Clair River between Canada and the United States will be made the occasion of a remarkable banquet in the tunnel itself. The table will be 1,000 feet long, 500 feet on either side of the international boundary. The Chairman will be seated exactly on the line. On the Canadian side of him will be the President of the United States and on the American side the Governor-General of Canada.

Explosion of Mill Boilers.

The boilers in the sawmill of the Ducey Lumber company, North Muskegon, Mich., exploded, demolishing the mill and fatally injuring William Yeager, the fireman, who died a few hours afterward. Several laborers about the mill had arms and legs broken. The loss to the mill is \$12,000, with no insurance. The cause of the explosion has not been determined.

Navajo Girls and Marriages.

A government agent reports to the Indian Bureau that the most formidable obstacle to the education of the Navajo girls is the practice of early marriage. The practice is held in all Indian tribes, but more especially in the southern tribes. While the life, animal and vegetable, must be more rapidly there, still maturity of life among the Indian girls is forced to the extreme. Marriages often occur at twelve or fourteen years of age. All the traditions and usages of the Indians favor early marriages, and if the girl is not married before fifteen it is a noticeable circumstance.

Many girls would prefer remaining in school, but the unwritten laws of the race, so potent, are against such conduct. Some prefer an early marriage because an unmarried woman has no power, while the old woman has a very strong influence, and girls who are mothers at twelve or fourteen are old at thirty. There is one tribe where a feast is made when the girl reaches the period of womanhood, hoping she will find a husband during the festivities; if not married at the end of the first month or the second month another feast is made with the same intention.

Escape of a Murderer.

Sheriff Bailey of Lee county, Texas, with Nathan Willet, a murderer, who has been at large for seventeen years, arrived in Colton, Cal. While waiting for the train Willet complained of being cold, and while he was putting on his overcoat he cut the Sheriff's attention to some pictures on the wall. Willet at once made a dash through the crowd and escaped in the darkness.

Narrow Escape of Passengers.

A catastrophe was narrowly averted on a lake steamer. The steamer Remora, for Port Huron, Mich., with about fifty passengers aboard, was discovered on fire when about six miles from St. Clair Falls. The passengers were all driven to the upper deck by the flames and smoke. The fire was fought ineffectually by the crew until the tug Jesse came alongside and poured water into the hold, subduing the flames. After examination it was found that the hold was uninjured and the vessel proceeded. Many of the passengers returned to Detroit by the Jesse, too much unnerved by their frightful experience to continue on the Remora.

A FEW BLAZES.

THREE MEN AND A WOMAN KILLED AT A FIRE IN CHICAGO.

Pushed in Front of an Engine—Defended Her Honor—Other Telegraphic Condensations.

The Fire Record.

Three men lost their lives and a woman was fatally injured at a small fire which broke out shortly before 2 o'clock in the morning in Putnam's Hotel, Chicago. The three men were burned to death in their beds. The woman was injured by jumping from the fourth floor to the sidewalk.

The dead are: Edward Peyton, colored porter, about 50 years of age, smothered by smoke; Unknown white man, a guest, smothered; Unknown white man, a guest, smothered and burned beyond recognition.

The injured are: Mrs. Charles Robinson, fatally injured by leaping from a fourth-story window to the sidewalk. Taken in an unconscious condition to the County Hospital. Baby, 4 months old, child of Mrs. Robinson, who leaped with it in her arms.

At Mantles, Mich., Louis Sands' "Red" mill, salt block, salt shed, and 1,000,000 shingles burned. About 50,000 barrels of salt were ruined. Loss about \$150,000; insurance about \$30,000.

Fire completely destroyed the Pillow & Hersey Manufacturing Company's rolling-mill, in Montreal, throwing 300 men out of employment. The buildings and plant are fully covered by insurance. Loss \$80,000.

A fire broke out in a saloon in the Goucher brick block at La Harpe, Ill., destroying the block and several stocks of goods. The loss is about \$15,000. Some men were gambling in the saloon at a late hour.

Price & Adams' locomotive and machine works in Nashville, Tenn., were entirely destroyed by fire.

Pushed in Front of an Engine.

The killing of one man and the probable fatally injuring of another at Orville, O., turns out to have been a deliberate murder. Coroner Solon Boydton of Orville, who was acting as policeman during the fair, had John Sweeney in custody on the depot platform. Sweeney saw a "pal" in the crowd and made a signal to him. The latter stepped up, and just as the switch engine was going by shoved Boydton in front of it. The Coroner retained his grip on Sweeney and went down, and both men were run over. The Coroner was instantly killed and the prisoner fatally injured.

Mrs. McCabe Defended Her Honor.

Mrs. McCabe, the American lady who shot Max Stein, a wealthy merchant of Reynolds, Mex., and who is in jail at Matamoros, has sent an account of the homicide, with an appeal to American wives and mothers for assistance to aid in her defense. She says: "I shot Max Stein, a rich merchant, because of indecent proposals to me and his threat that as an officer he would imprison my husband and me in his will. While my husband was sick in bed he assaulted me, and to prevent being violated I shot him dead."

Confagurations.

A fire at 3 o'clock in the morning destroyed the center of the business part of Denver, Minn. The fire first appeared in the Commercial hotel and many of the guests barely escaped with their lives, women being taken out of upper windows in their night dresses. The supply of water felt short, and in an effort to stimulate the water works the machinery broke and the firemen were left helpless. From the hotel the fire spread rapidly in three directions. It raged for lack of material, the best parts of three blocks had been consumed. Sixteen business houses were among the buildings burned, besides the Commercial, the oldest hotel on the line of the Northern Pacific Road. The St. Francis Catholic Church was spared, together with the new parsonage and many valuable records. The total loss cannot be estimated closely at this time, but will be upward of \$150,000, with not over \$30,000 insurance.

Fire destroyed buildings occupied by flows, boots and shoes; Smith, grocery; Minix & Morrill, dry good; A. B. Smith, implement; Hart & Mitchell, dry goods and the postoffice and News office at Fairfield, Neb. Loss, \$19,000; insurance, \$11,000.

Wife Murdered at Leavenworth.

The Coroner's jury in the case of Mrs. Matilda Davis, who was found dead in her bed two days ago have returned a verdict to the effect that she was smothered to death by her husband, David Davis. He has been removed to the county jail. During the examination testimony was produced which showed that Davis was an ex-convict and that only a month ago his wife paid a luncheon in Leavenworth \$200 to keep them from prosecuting him for the theft of a large quantity of material from their yard. A will which Mrs. Davis made two weeks ago, in which she bequeathed her property to her children, cannot be found, and it is the supposition that Davis destroyed it.

Hidden in the Tabooed Novel.

Harry Morgan, a prisoner in the Webster County, Ia., jail, received a copy of the novel, "The Kreutzer Sonata." It was by mail, addressed in care of the Sheriff. In glancing over it Sheriff Adams found two of the leaves neatly pasted together, and between them were concealed two sharp steel saws. A well planned attempt at escape was thus frustrated.

Paint-Stricken Girls Injured.

One of the steam presses of the Keystone Hoistery Mill in Reading, Pa., exploded shortly before noon recently. Twenty-five girls who were at work in an upper story became panic-stricken and rushed for the holstway. Five of them leaped to the floor fifteen feet below and were seriously injured. Most of the others would have jumped but were prevented by the cooler beams from doing so. The damage to the building was slight.

Nellie Will Wed.

Nellie Bly, the young woman who made the circuit of the globe of a New York daily newspaper, is to marry and settle down to a quiet life. Elizabeth Blaisdell who set out simultaneously with Nellie Bly to make the round for a monthly publication, is to remove to England.

They Would Be Amazons.

Some women in Galicia, Austria, have sent to the Emperor Francis Joseph a petition worded as follows: "We women of Galicia, prostrate at the foot of the throne, present this our ardent request: At present, whereas every man, young or old, is liable to military service, we women, often more robust and courageous than feminine men, think we ought not to be excluded. The arms now in use are well made and easy to handle. We, we women, pray your Majesty to institute a corps of Amazon volunteers."

WISCONSIN NEWS.

—Weed & Co., of Ashland, will meet all obligations.

—An electric motor line will encircle Lakes Monona and Mendota.

—A West-State-Suppl. Chandler was knocked down by a horse and badly hurt.

—The jewelry store of Mrs. Helden, of Madison, was closed by attachment.

—Frank Burkholder, aged 73, was killed by a Twelfth street electric car in Milwaukee.

—Wm. E. Jones, a tailor at Waukegan, was fatally injured while driving a skiffish colt.

—J. McCarthy, a cattle-buyer, at W

A CHILD'S LAUGH.

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together.

Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harp, tone of bird,
Sounds of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling waters' winnowing word,
Wind in warm, warm weather.

One thing yet there is, that none
Hearer of its chime be done,
Known not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven, hereafter.

Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

—Alfred C. Swinburne.

A UNIQUE CHARACTER.

We had taken a cottage for the summer in a small village on the south Jersey coast. The rusticity and seclusion of the place delighted us. John, whose pen has to earn our daily bread, was in a state of perpetual self-congratulation. But our paradise had one drawback—there was no church, services, when there was any one to officiate, being held in the school house; and in less than a fortnight after we took possession of the cottage our cook packed her trunk and departed, declaring that the place was "too lousyish" for any respectable person to live in.

In this emergency Ann Dorner was recommended to us. Her father, a "longshoreman"—"honest as the day and powerful religious," the neighbors told us—had brought up his family in a small cabin on the outskirts of the village, and Ann had never been more than a mile from home. She had a clean looking sensible face, with somewhat introspective eyes; her hair, which was pale brown, was brushed smoothly back from her low straight forehead, and hung in a loose mass down her shoulders, while her gown—it was literally a gown, a sort of pre-Mother Hubbard affair—was a dark blue calico, hanging unbelated from the yoke, and neither shoe nor stocking graced her substantial feet.

In every way she was so unlike the type of servant girl to which we had been accustomed that I hesitated to engage her. But her honest sensible face decided me. In time, no doubt, she could be persuaded to adopt a more civilized toilet.

But Ann, who had been brought up a Methodist of the Methodists of the "old school," had the courage of her convictions, and her ideas on dress were as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Like the Goddess of Liberty, she had but one style of costume and she wore it on all occasions; even on Sunday she refused to put on shoes and stockings. In vain we argued with her on the impropriety of going barefooted to church. Ann's firmness remained unshaken. At first I thought it was downright obstinacy; but that was before I knew Ann. In time I found that her rigid views concerning dress were rooted in a religious conscientiousness as sensitive and as narrow as that of John Ward.

"I've got shoes an' stockin's, ma'am," she said, in answer to my offer to advance the money for the purchase of these articles; "but maybe some other folks haven't, an' I don't think I've got a right to dress any better than the poorest person in the place can afford to, 'cause if I did, ma'am—don't you see?—they might be discouraged, an' say they wouldn't go to meetin' unless they could dress as good as Ann Dorner."

But having learned on careful inquiry that there was no one in the village so poor as to be obliged to go barefooted, we at last persuaded her to put on shoes. After a time she consented, too, to gather her flowing mane into a braid, and encouraged by these concessions, I ventured to suggest a change in her head gear. Ann took off her calico sun bonnet and surveyed it critically.

"It ain't handsome, that's a fact," she admitted, "but if I ain't too proud to wear it, ma'am, I don't think you'd ought to mind. It's clean an' whole, an' it's as good as anything ole Miss Carson can afford to wear."

At last, however, she promised that if I would make her a perfectly plain black bonnet she would wear it on Sundays.

Ruching was being worn for face trimming at the time, and having covered a close fitting frame with black silk and added a few loops of black ribbon I ventured to put her on and there in the ruche a tiny knot of narrow lavender velvet. Ann looked really pleased when she tried it on, and the next morning, catching a glimpse of her as she went out of the gate wearing the new bonnet, I quite congratulated myself on my success; but a few moments later, having occasion to go to the kitchen pantry, I found, lying carefully together, not only the knots of lavender velvet, but every loop and bow that had decorated the outside of the bonnet. Plain as I had thought it, she had divested it of everything except the ribbons that served for strings.

"It looked very nice, ma'am," she said, when I remonstrated with her, "but it was 'most too gay for a professor." And no amount of persuasion could induce her to have the trimmings put on again.

Her zeal for plainness did not confine itself to her own apparel.

"I rather think, ma'am, I'll have to get somebody else to do the fine ironin'," she said to me on Monday.

"But why, Ann?" I asked in surprise.

"There are very few starched pieces." "Yes, 'm, I know it," said Ann, "but they're trimmed, an' as I don't believe in folks wearin' trimmed things, I don't think it'd be right for me to do 'em up for 'em."

"But don't you think, Ann," I said, "that a little trimming makes a pretty finish to a garment?"

"Oh, it's nice enough to look at, ma'am; I don't deny that; but it's all 'pride o' the eye an' lust o' the flesh, an' I don't think professors ought to indulge in such things. If everybody lived up to the Bible, ma'am, even the preachers wouldn't wear starched buzzoms."

And so rigid was she on this point, and so illogical as well, that every week she insisted on paying a woman out of her own wages to iron John's shirts and collars and all the trimmed underwear.

One day when I was making a dessert she suddenly asked, "Don't you think, ma'am, it'd be nice if people could live now as they did in Bible times?"

"In what way, Ann?" I inquired.

"Why, don't you know, ma'am, in those days they lived mostly on bread an' fish? It was bread an' fish that the Lord gave the multitude to eat in the wilderness, an' bread an' fish that He gave the disciples when He cooked breakfast for 'em on the shore."

"But fish doesn't agree with every one, Ann," I argued, "and in inland places fish is not always to be had."

"Well, I don't s'pose it makes much difference, ma'am, whether it's bread an' fish or bread an' meat; but it seems to me that in eatin', the same as in dressin', people ought to be plain."

Having noticed that she seemed fond of reading, I one day offered her a story book. She took it eagerly, but before she had read a dozen pages she came to me with a grave face.

"Is this a true story, ma'am?" she asked.

"I can't say, Ann. It's very true to life, I think; but no doubt some parts of it are made up."

"Then I guess I don't care to read it, ma'am," she said, putting it back in its place. "It ain't worth while spendin' one's time readin' made up things. When I read I like to know that I'm readin' what's true." And shortly afterward I found her seated on the wood pile absorbed in her Bible.

She had a genuine reverence for scholarship, and took at first much interest in John's work as a writer. But one morning, when John had been reading to me a story that he had just finished, Ann, who once or twice during the reading had had occasion to pass through the room, asked, with a puzzled look on her face, "What does Mr. John write about, ma'am?"

"Oh, sometimes one thing and sometimes another," I said. "He writes mostly stories."

"True ones, ma'am?"

"True in some respects, Ann; but he makes them up largely out of his own imagination."

Ann sighed like one troubled in spirit. "I don't see, ma'am, how he can make it seem right," she said, turning away, with disapproval written on every feature, and from that day it was very evident that John had fallen from the high place that he had hitherto held in the estimation of this honest soul.

During the summer a cousin from the city came to visit us. She was a dainty little lady, and her soft voice and pleasant ways soon won Ann's heart. She was just recovering from a severe illness, and for several days after her arrival she wore a close fitting princess wrapper of some soft gray woolen goods, with no trimming except a double row of smoked pearl buttons down the front. The perfect plainness of the garment attracted Ann at once, and it was good to see the admiration with which she watched the slight trim figure.

But on Sunday Helen came down wearing a white muslin. For the style of dress then in vogue nothing could have been more simple; but the deep ruffle that bordered the skirt made Ann look at her askance.

"Is Miss Helen a professor, ma'am?" she asked that afternoon, as Helen, under the shade of a blue parasol, took John's arm for a stroll on the beach.

"Yes," I said; "she is a member of Dr. —'s church, and teaches in the Sunday school."

"And yet," said Ann, slowly, "she wears flounces!"

"It was very seldom that Ann asked for a day out." Her father and mother were dead, and she had few acquaintances that she cared to visit; but she never seemed to feel the lack of companionship. If she chanced to have a few spare moments in the morning she was usually to be found seated on the wood pile, engaged either with her knitting work or in reading her Bible, choosing that prosaic spot evidently for the sake of being near the kitchen; but her favorite resort in fair weather, when work was over for the afternoon, was Owl Rock, an isolated boulder just outside the garden fence, the garden sloping almost to the water's edge.

Ann was so plain and practical that we wondered at her fondness for this romantic outlook, but a neighbor one day gave us a possible clue to the mystery. "A good girl, but a little queer," he said, tapping his forehead. "Her young man went off to sea two or three years ago, an' ain't never been heard from."

"To think of Ann Dorner's having loved and lost!" I said to John.

"It only proves," replied John, "that the humblest lives may have their romances and—their tragedies."

Whatever the motive was that took Ann so often to Owl Rock, whether she went to watch for the return of her lover or merely to read and meditate, promptly, as a rule, at 5 o'clock she came back to the kitchen to prepare supper. But one afternoon, for the first time, she was a little late; and I was on the point of starting to call her when I saw her coming through the garden, attended by a broad shouldered, sturdy looking young fellow, whose rolling gait at once revealed the fact that he was a sailor.

It was easy to see that Ann was happy, and suddenly I made the discovery that she was something more than pretty. In place of her sun bonnet she wore a three cornered handkerchief tied under her chin. The wind had roughened the hair about her forehead and her cheeks seemed to have caught their color from the red glow in the west. She carried her Bible in her hand, and with her shining face she looked at the moment, in her prim dark gown, like a sort of transfigured nun.

When they reached the door step the young man said good night and hurried back to the beach.

"It's Jason, ma'am," Ann explained, as she came into the house. "I hadn't seen him for most th—ears, an' that's what made me late. We used to be friends, an' she added, shyly."

Nearly every afternoon for the next fortnight Jason joined her at Owl Rock. Ann during these days went about her work with a preoccupied air.

"Did you ever think, ma'am," she asked one morning, as she was dusting the dining room, "that you'd like to be a missionary?"

I confessed to having had in my younger days a vague aspiration in that direction.

"Oh, I think it would be beautiful!" said the girl. "Jason's been tellin' me about an island he's been to; they were shipwrecked there; that's why he was gone so long, an' the people are all heathen. I told Jason it was a shame somebody didn't go out there an' teach 'em. Do you s'pose a sailor's wife would have any chance to do that sort of work, ma'am? You know sometimes the ships stop there for water."

Before I could answer her John called to me from his sanctum, and the subject did not come up again, but guessing the trend of Ann's thoughts I began to school myself to the thought of losing her.

A day or two later, however, the girl came back from Owl Rock alone.

"He's gone, ma'am," she announced gravely.

"Gone!" I cried. "Why, Ann, I thought you were going to marry him."

Ann shook her head.

"No, 'm, I can't. He's too worldly minded. He smokes, an' always when he's ashore he wants to wear—starched buzzoms."

"But what of that, Ann, if you love him?" I said.

Ann's chin began to quiver. It was a pretty, sensitive chin. "That's just it, ma'am; I love him too well," she said brokenly. "I don't dare. I'm afraid he'd be a stumbling block to me."

There was nothing more to be said. Jason had sailed that afternoon, and there the matter rested.

We had expected to go back to town in the fall, but John became so infatuated with this "calm retreat" that we decided to take the house for another year, and to our supreme satisfaction Ann agreed to remain with us.

Meanwhile Cousin Helen had made us another visit and Ann, though she still grieved that any one so good and lovable as Miss Helen should be guilty of wearing flounces, became again her ardent admirer. In fact, so great was Helen's influence over her that she eventually prevailed upon her to wear a white apron and a linen collar. The improvement made in her appearance by these simple adjuncts was a delight to the eye, and though at first she wore them evidently under protest, regarding them as "vanities of the world," her love for Helen finally conquered all scruples, and the apron and collar came to be regarded as an indispensable part of her toilet.

Jason had gone on a ten month's cruise, and as the time drew near for the ship's return Ann grew restless and absent minded. She went oftener to Owl Rock, and more than once she became so absorbed in watching the far off sails as to forget when 5 o'clock came.

This went on for several weeks and then one morning she blushing informed me that Jason was home again.

"But you ought not to let him keep on coming to see you, Ann," I said, "if you are not going to marry him."

"But perhaps I can do him some good, ma'am," said the girl, gravely. "He hasn't any folks of his own, you know, to help him."

Poor deluded Ann! A week or two later, with much hesitation and embarrassment, she succeeded in telling me that she had renewed her promise to Jason.

"And you are really going to marry him, Ann?" I exclaimed, sorry chiefly on my own account.

"Well, you see, ma'am, he's agreed to give up smokin' an'—an'—"

"And starched bosoms," I ventured to add, hoping to help her out.

"Well, no, 'm," said Ann, in a waverling voice. "Maybe I've been too yieldin', but seein' I've taken to wearin' starched collars I don't seem more'n fair for me to give in to his wearin' starched buzzoms."

Consequently a few weeks later we lost our faithful Ann.

The Difference Pointed Out.

"Good sir," said the humorist as he entered the clothing store, "you sell goods for cash only, do you not?"

"One price, C. O. D.," answered the merchant, who was a man of few words.

"Then," replied the humorist, "I shall go over to Hooray's, for he will give me time."

"Nay," replied the merchant; "Hooray's is a cash establishment, also."

"Yes," answered the humorist, smiling, "for all had gone well, and now was the time for his joke: 'I know it is; but he gives away a stem winding watch with every suit. Do you not see that I can get time there?'"

"You err," said the merchant; "you mistake the watch. Tick you get, but darned little time;" and the humorist departed ill pleased, while the merchant gazed into space as before.

How Miss Arnold Found Her Brother.

A touching story is told of the means whereby Sir Edwin Arnold recently discovered his long lost son in Japan. It seems to have been through the distinguished poet's daughter that the welcome discovery was made, for Miss Arnold, when in Yokohama, chanced to learn that a ship in the harbor had on board an officer bearing the surname of her family. Inspired by the bare possibility of finding her lost brother, this loving girl set to work to procure a boat and an interpreter, and proceeded to visit in turn every vessel in the harbor until she found the brother whom she sought, and bore him off in triumph to their father. It is pleasant, indeed, to know that the sister's errand of love, which she must have undertaken with such faint hope, was crowned with success, and that she was the means of bringing together the father and son who have been so long estranged.

[Lady's Pictorial.]

IN JERUSALEM.

DR. TALMAGE'S SECOND SERMON ON THE HOLY LAND.

A Graphic Description of Scenery, Places and People That Came Under His Observation.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1890.—Dr. Talmage is continuing in the Brooklyn academy of music his series of sermons on his recent journey to the Holy Land and adjoining countries. The subject for this morning was: "My Second Day in Palestine." After the reading of the Scriptures and two hearty songs of worship the preacher announced as his text: Galatians 1: 18, "I went up to Jerusalem."

My second day in the Holy Land. We are in Joppa. It is six o'clock in the morning, but we must start early, for by night we are to be in Jerusalem, and that city is 40 miles away. We may take camel, or horse, or mule, or donkey, or we may take our opportunity in Palestine for taking the wheel, we choose that. The horses with harness tassel and jingling are hitched, and, with a dragoon in coat of mail, colors and helmet in front, we start on our journey. The dragoon is a kind of a half-breed, a half-Arabian, with such a blue as no one but the Divine chemist could mix, and such a fire of morning glow as no one but the Divine chemist could mix. He is a kind of a half-breed, a half-Arabian, with such a blue as no one but the Divine chemist could mix, and such a fire of morning glow as no one but the Divine chemist could mix.

We start out of the city amid a babel of cactus on either side. Not cactus in boxes two or three feet high, but cactus higher than the top of the carriage—a plant that has more of the character of a cactus than the amount of beauty it can exhibit, than anything cactus. We passed out amid about 500 gardens, seven or eight acres to the garden, from which at the right seasons oranges, lemons, figs, pomegranates, and which hold up their canopies of perfume before the Lord in perpetual praise. We meet great processions of camels loaded with kegs of oil and other things, and we see many camels with their owners, and we see many camels with their owners, and we see many camels with their owners.

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FOR THE LADIES.

AMERICAN VERSUS BRITISH GIRLS—PUT YOURSELF IN HER PLACE.

Home Matters—The Queen of Spain—Female Suffrage—Other Interesting Items for Femininity.

Her Age.

But twenty she, and forty I,
And yet some years ago
That difference did not exist—
At least my friends say so.

I sought her out the other night,
And said I'd like to be
The secret of her lasting youth,
While I was growing old.

"Arithmetic so plain as this
Should cause you no surprise:
When you were twenty, I was ten—
She said with downcast eyes.

"In point of years you doubt me
Not very long ago
I'm still just half as old as you—
At least my friends say so."

American Girls.

A paper on the subject of American girls, by Mrs. John Sherwood, has some excellent things in it. Mrs. Sherwood reminds her young readers that what English people find fault with in their demeanor is an "absence of reserve," an "air of success," which is a characteristic of many. This is quite true in the main; self-assertion and self-assuredness in any shape is always unpleasant, and perhaps one does see it exhibited a little more by young folks who have not had it rigidly repressed by parents and guardians, as a form of ill-breeding—but for my own part I can only say that many of the American girls who have been presented to me have had asgentle, deferential manners, and as soft voices also, as any English mother could desire for her children. This may not be a common experience, but it is certainly mine. If all young gentlemen, whether English or American, could only believe how much it adds to any charms they possess to be polite, attentive and deferential, and how entirely it spoils a pretty face to find its owner arrogant and opinionative—(even if in the right, which is quite possibly the case)—surely they would be on their guard in this respect. *Drusquerie* is always disagreeable, and a certain set-you-right air with which very many boys and girls in their teens deliver their opinions in the present day when freed from society restraint is in the highest degree unbecoming, but the coming generation needs to learn the truth just as much on this side the Atlantic as on the other. In one respect, I may add, young Americans of the fair sex have a decided advantage, as a rule, over young Englishwomen. They take part in a general conversation. They do not either sit mutely by, looking as if all that were required of them were to pose their graceful heads and fold their taper fingers—they show an intelligent interest, and here and there insert an apt remark. Often, too, it is a very lively remark. One of the commonest observations in London society at the present moment is: "American girls are so amusing." English girls might be a little more amusing without detriment to themselves, and sometimes with infinite comfort to their weary entertainers.

Home Matters.

Cut a piece from the top of old kid shoes and insert it inside the ironing holder you are going to make.

Washing floors and shelves with strong pepper tea, or hot alum or borax water, will destroy ants and roaches.

Add two tablespoonfuls of kerosene to the pail of water with which you wash grained or other varnished furniture.

If soot be dropped upon the carpet throw upon it an equal quantity of salt and sweep all up together. There will be scarcely a trace of soot left.

Toast is more easily digested than plain bread if the toast is eaten soon after it is made. Toast that has grown cold is not so easily digestible as bread.

A frying pan should never touch water. Scour them out with salt the moment they are done with and wipe clean with a cloth. A washed omelet pan makes a poor omelet.

Keep a clasp knife and a knife with a different handle from those in common use for the sole purpose of peeling onions, and so avoid the flavor and odor of them where it is neither expected nor desired.

Horseradish is much more irritating than spice, and if used in excess may induce a very disagreeable feeling of the stomach, lasting for several days or perhaps causing illness.

For baked bananas simply peel off one section of the skin, place the banana in a baking pan skin side down, dust them with granulated sugar and bake them for about thirty minutes, or until the banana is thoroughly cooked.

To mend glass, procure from the druggist five cents' worth of acetic acid and add enough gelatine to thicken it. Apply it to the edges and press them together. It is invaluable. We mended a finger-bowl, which is now in daily use and has not come apart.

A German test for watered milk consists in dipping a well-polished knitting needle into a deep vessel of milk and then immediately withdrawing it in an upward manner. If the milk is pure a drop of the fluid will hang to the needle, but the addition of even a small proportion of water will prevent the adhesion of the drop.

The Queen of Spain.

"The queen of Spain has no legs," the story of the origin of this query is thus given in *American Notes and Queries*: "When the German princess Mary Anna, who became the wife of Philip IV. of Spain, was on her way to Madrid she passed through a town, then in the Spanish dominions, famous

for its manufacture of gloves and stockings, whose citizens thought they could not better show their joy in welcoming their new queen than by presenting her with a sample of those commodities for which the town was remarkable. The major-domo who conducted the princess, received the gloves graciously enough, but indignantly rejected the stockings and severely reprimanded the deputation for their indecency, exclaiming: 'Know that the queen of Spain has no legs!' The young queen, hearing this terrible announcement and being unacquainted with the etiquette and prejudices of the Spanish court, burst into tears and begged to be taken back to Germany, as she could never endure such an operation, and she was only calmed with great difficulty. The recital of this adventure gave great amusement to the royal bridegroom, and the saying has now become proverbial."

Put Yourself in Her Place.

"We often wonder," says *Women's Standard*, "how many men have ever really tried to put themselves in a woman's place. Fancy a man brought to trial before a court composed entirely of women! Fancy a man going year after year to pay taxes when he was denied representation! Fancy him bearing, year after year, the burden of work for the churches, with no voice in their councils! Fancy him sitting quietly, listening to the average Fourth of July speech, declaring this to be a government of the people when he knew half the people were disfranchised! Can any one imagine a man in such a situation holding his peace, and would any one respect him for a moment if he knew he did? Yet he has no more at stake in government than woman has. It involves his dearest interests, but so it does hers. She is equally amenable with him to every law. Who is more concerned than woman in every law affecting the home, property, marriage and divorce, and who has greater stake in war? In short, though woman cannot lift her finger to change the law, she is not therefore exempt. The law does not let her alone. It interferes in all her affairs at every step from the cradle to the grave."

Eager Shoppers.

A rather amusing illustration of the eagerness of woman shoppers for bargains was witnessed in a Chicago store recently. In the Sunday papers an advertisement of a sale of silks was printed, which was intended to announce that they would be sold at 50 cents per yard, the original price being \$1.00. Through some typographical inadvertence the advertisement read that silks would be sold at 5 cents a yard instead of 50 cents. The women of Chicago spent a restless night for fear they would not waken early in the morning to take advantage of the generous offer. One lady cautioned her husband to call her early, and murmured, as she drifted into dreamland: "I'll buy two pieces of that silk, 'twill be so nice for linings." Early the next morning, before the clerks of that department arrived, the women stood in line waiting grimly for the opening of the sale. The different expressions of disgust, disappointment and mortification on their faces may be better imagined than described as they turned and filed out of the store again, leaving the embarrassed salesman alone with his confusion and his bargain.

Female Suffrage in Wyoming.

A letter from Bishop Rader says: "I came not without prejudice against this innovation. Though I have found all women not ideal ladies, those who came ladies are no less ladies for having enjoyed all the privileges granted them, even to that of voting. They are just as good keepers-at-home, having a little more stimulus to keep posted, are no less devoted to the cause of Christ, and are just as lovable and entertaining as before voting. The effect of the women about the voting places is most wholesome. Before I came to Wyoming, man as I am, and reared in Missouri as I was, I never went about the voting place without some tropic of indignation, because I had seen so many brutal fights about them. Here I have gone always with my wife by my side, and with as much respect shown both of us as though we were going to church. Never have I seen the least impropriety in the conduct of anyone about the polls in Wyoming, and I have watched them for hours to see something."

The Man That Won.

A good story is told of Ezekiel Pierpont, who came to New York from New England somewhere about the beginning of the present century. He brought a letter of introduction to William Constable, one of the leading merchants of the day, who after reading it, said to him somewhat gruffly: "What do you young men keep coming here from New England for?" "To make business, marry your daughters, and wind up your estates," promptly responded the young New Englander. The retort so pleased the merchant that he took the young man to his home and introduced him to his family. And the young man made the saying good by marrying the old man's daughter and winding up his estate. The old Constable residence stood at the corner of Wall and William streets, on the site now occupied by the Bank of New York.

Mine and Thine.

Aunt Mary—Poor Budget! Does your tooth ache yet? "I twere miao I'd have it out at once. Budget! 'twere yours! Well, wuntie, so would I."

Done Quickly.

Teacher (to class): "What is velocity?" Bright Youth: "Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with."

THE CAMP FIRE.

VETERANS OF THE NAVY—THE CHIEF OF THE GRAND ARMY.

An Order for Pension Agents and Attorneys—Military Matters, Reminiscences and Other Items.

The Naval Veterans.

Commodore Wm. S. Wells, commanding the National Association of Naval Veterans, has issued a General Order in which he assumes command, and says:

"In assuming the honor conferred upon me, I feel the responsibility and realize the labor inseparable from the position, but, at the same time, I feel greatly encouraged for our immediate success in the assistance and co-operation I am receiving from the most excellent corps of officers chosen. That there may not be any misunderstanding as to the object of the National Naval Veterans Association, I quote the following from our Constitution: 'The object of this Association shall be to cherish the memory and associations of the war of the late rebellion, perpetuate the glorious name and deeds of our Navy, to strengthen the ties of fraternal fellowship and sympathy, to advance the best interests of this Association, and to extend all possible relief to the widows and children of members, to further the cultivation of naval science, to enforce unqualified allegiance to the General Government, to protect the rights and liberties of American citizenship and to maintain National honor, union and independence.' This, then, is the basis of the work before us,—but it must be distinctly borne in mind that we are in no way antagonistic or inimical to that grandest order on earth, the Grand Army of the Republic, in which we are nearly all members, both loyal and enthusiastic, and are pleased to realize that Shipmate Richard F. Tobin, now holds the honor in the National organization of being second in command. 'It is desired that the National Association be made a central bureau of information in regard to all matters pertaining to the naval veterans of the country. To accomplish this, the Commanders of all associations are requested to send a roster and list of membership to these Headquarters as soon as possible, and subsequently a notification when there are any changes. It is, therefore, our object to induce all the associations of the country, and those that will hereafter be formed, to procure a charter and connect themselves with the National Association. This they can do without any surrender of their present privileges. A solidification of this kind would enable us to present a great power for legislation, and give us the position to command such attention at our next or future Reunions as the merits of our great service entitle us to."

Will Change the Tactics of War.

The further use of smokeless powder on the field of battle, which has been made one of the chief features of the maneuvers in Hungary, has resulted in confirming the view which has already been arrived at by authorities on army matters that the adoption of the new explosive would compel the institution of extensive changes in the tactics of war. There were seventy-seven battalions of infantry, thirty-six squadrons of cavalry, and 128 pieces of artillery engaged in heavy firing for four hours during the maneuvers. The commanding officers were unable to judge of the position and strength of the opposing forces by the density of the smoke, as they can when the old powder is used, and it took a very long time to fix the positions of the firing batteries. While the infantry was under cover it could scarcely be discovered at all and no estimate could be made of its force or movements. The new powder emits an unpleasant odor. Altogether it is very unpopular with the Austrian army.

Regulated Them.

J. R. Covey, Co. B, 39th Ill., calls to mind the charges made at Chapin's Farm, Oct. 7, 1864, by the rebels. He asks if anyone remembers the rebel spy who rode into our lines at full speed, dressed in a federal cavalry uniform, but minus hat and saber. He acted like he had been sampling some Virginia applejack. Only a short time did he remain, and then he passed out at the same place that he came in, remarking, "I will have my hat and saber if I have to go to Richmond after them."

As he rode his horse at top speed across the field in front, the Yankees saw that they had lost an opportunity of capturing a spy, for shortly after he left, the rebels charged, aiming to strike the line where there were no troops stationed. But as they came on, a regiment armed with seven-shooters fled into the gap to meet them, while the writer's brigade and the artillery gave it to them hot from the right-oblique. The rebels were punished for their spy exploit.

Work of the Pension Office.

During a recent week 27,804 claims were received, of which 677 were original invalid, 465 widows, 8 war of 1812, 11 bounty land, 80 navy, 0 old war, 38 on account of Mexican service, 111 accrued, and 2,964 applications for increase; act of June 27, 1890, 21,900 original invalid, 1,600 widows. Number of rejected claims reopened, 804. The names and postoffice addresses of 3,606 comrades were furnished for the use of claimants. There were 73,316 pieces of mail matter received; 44,301 letters and blank sent out.

Number of claims received to date under act June 27, 1890, 445,018. The number of cases detailed to Special Examiners was 388; reports and cases from Special Examiners, 762; cases on hand for special examination, 8,422.

Report of certificates issued during the week: Original, 876; increase, 1,715; release, 513; restoration, 44; duplicate, 0; accrued, 101; act of March 4, 1890, 4; total, 3,253.

Appropriated Their Flags.

O. W. Bennett, 12th Wis., says that in response to his inquiries as to the disappearance of the rebel battle flags after their surrender July 4, 1863, at Vicksburg, he received a letter from Gen. Geo. E. Bryant, Colonel, 12th Wis., in which he says: "I have always been of the opinion that the rebels took the flags off the staffs and carried them away. I remember that when they snaked arms in our front, no one came to take possession of these surrendered arms, and we started with the army after Joe Johnston at Jackson. I conclude the rebels got their flags back off the staffs when paroled." Thus not one captured rebel flag of Vicksburg remains in the custody of our Government to mark this great victory for the Union.

The Grand Army's Chief.

Col. Wheelock G. Veazoy, commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, is one of the most unassuming and modest men of the day. A stove-pipe hat never fits him and a clasp-hammer coat is probably not among his earthly possessions. Some twenty years ago he was virtually tendered the office of governor of his native State, but declined in favor of the present secretary of war, who was one of his classmates in college.

At Gettysburg he was in command of a fine regiment. Just before the memorable charge on Pickett's division he was conversing with the late General Stannard, then brigadier, and commenting on the havoc that division was making on the Union lines, when Stannard said:

"I can't stand this. I want to charge, Colonel, we will take the responsibility. Rush to your regiment and lead."

To this Colonel Veazoy replied as follows: "If we don't dislodge the

devils charge the responsibility on me."

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A Warning to Pension Agents.

The Secretary of the Interior has issued the following order:

"It is hereby ordered that under the rules already in force and those this day approved for the purpose of securing the prompt adjudication of claims under former acts of Congress, and that of June 27, 1890, such action shall be taken by all officers and employees in the Pension Bureau as will prevent any undue preference of any claim, in time of either hearing or adjustment, and any agent or attorney who shall have or attempt to have any claim put upon the list or docket of or among the completed files that is obviously or clearly not completed or otherwise defeat the just operation of the laws and regulations shall be disbarred from practice in the department."

The rules referred to in this order were prepared for the purpose of assisting claimants without attorneys intelligently and properly to prepare and prosecute their claims before the Pension Bureau. All necessary details and all essential requirements are plainly stated. Copies of these rules may be had upon application to the Pension Bureau.

Will Change the Tactics of War.

The further use of smokeless powder on the field of battle, which has been made one of the chief features of the maneuvers in Hungary, has resulted in confirming the view which has already been arrived at by authorities on army matters that the adoption of the new explosive would compel the institution of extensive changes in the tactics of war. There were seventy-seven battalions of infantry, thirty-six squadrons of cavalry, and 128 pieces of artillery engaged in heavy firing for four hours during the maneuvers. The commanding officers were unable to judge of the position and strength of the opposing forces by the density of the smoke, as they can when the old powder is used, and it took a very long time to fix the positions of the firing batteries. While the infantry was under cover it could scarcely be discovered at all and no estimate could be made of its force or movements. The new powder emits an unpleasant odor. Altogether it is very unpopular with the Austrian army.

Regulated Them.

J. R. Covey, Co. B, 39th Ill., calls to mind the charges made at Chapin's Farm, Oct. 7, 1864, by the rebels. He asks if anyone remembers the rebel spy who rode into our lines at full speed, dressed in a federal cavalry uniform, but minus hat and saber. He acted like he had been sampling some Virginia applejack. Only a short time did he remain, and then he passed out at the same place that he came in, remarking, "I will have my hat and saber if I have to go to Richmond after them."

As he rode his horse at top speed across the field in front, the Yankees saw that they had lost an opportunity of capturing a spy, for shortly after he left, the rebels charged, aiming to strike the line where there were no troops stationed. But as they came on, a regiment armed with seven-shooters fled into the gap to meet them, while the writer's brigade and the artillery gave it to them hot from the right-oblique. The rebels were punished for their spy exploit.

Work of the Pension Office.

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Appropriated Their Flags.

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The Grand Army's Chief.

Col. Wheelock G. Veazoy, commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, is one of the most unassuming and modest men of the day. A stove-pipe hat never fits him and a clasp-hammer coat is probably not among his earthly possessions. Some twenty years ago he was virtually tendered the office of governor of his native State, but declined in favor of the present secretary of war, who was one of his classmates in college.

At Gettysburg he was in command of a fine regiment. Just before the memorable charge on Pickett's division he was conversing with the late General Stannard, then brigadier, and commenting on the havoc that division was making on the Union lines, when Stannard said:

"I can't stand this. I want to charge, Colonel, we will take the responsibility. Rush to your regiment and lead."

To this Colonel Veazoy replied as follows: "If we don't dislodge the

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CASH PAYING CUSTOMERS WILL FIND IT TO THEIR ADVANTAGE TO TRADE AT G. O. FOLTZ.

THE ANTIPOCH WEEKLY NEWS.
SILVER LAKE CLIPPER.
LAKE VILLA ADVOCATE.
HAINESVILLE WEEKLY BLADE.
— PUBLISHED BY —
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From the Press of the Antioch News.
Advertisers will find the above four leading weeklies, the best Advertising medium, in Northern Illinois.
RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION.
Address the Publisher, at Antioch, Illinois.

EVERYBODY READS
THE ANTIPOCH NEWS,
BECAUSE IT IS THE BEST.
For Sheriff.

ALBERT F. COLEMAN, City Marshal of Waukegan, is hereby announced as an independent candidate for the office of Sheriff of Lake County, subject to the will of the people, to be expressed by their votes this fall.

It is gratifying to learn that the rival base ball factions have at last decided to bury the hatchet and peace supreme will reign over our hand until the next base ball season opens, at least.

DISRUPTION OF FRIENDSHIP.
How an Intimacy of Years Was Brought to an End.

Two women up-town, who have been dear friends for years, are at daggers' points, says the New York Evening Sun, and the friends of both are ranged on one side or the other of the controversy. The cause of it all is a cook. Mrs. A. had a cook of superior skill. One day she appeared before her mistress and quietly announced that she should go into Mrs. B.'s service the next month because Mrs. B. had offered her larger wages. Mrs. A. was thunderstruck. Her dearest friend came into her home and steal away her chief dependence in this way? Impossible! She put on her wraps and drove to Mrs. B.'s home. It was only too true. Her own familiar friend in whom she had trusted had lifted up her heel against her and hired her cook out of hand. Moreover, when charged with her treachery she coolly insisted that she had every right in the world to hire another woman's cook away from her if she could, no matter if that woman was her best friend.

Mrs. A. fairly gasped at the heresy. Women had occasionally been known to do this dark and dishonorable deed, but there had never been one found so hardened in iniquity as to defend it. Perhaps Mrs. B. would be capable of a like defense if she had estranged the affections of Mrs. A.'s husband or children from her. Mrs. B. had the grace given her to rejoice that there was no parallel in the cases. This was an affair purely of business. The cook's services were worth so much a month to Mrs. A. If they were worth more to another woman that woman had a perfect right to make the fact known to the cook and the cook to profit by it. This was the business method, and no man accused another of dishonorable methods because he had offered his most competent assistant better pay for his services. Mrs. A. refused to look at the matter in that light and they parted—Mrs. A. in tears, Mrs. B. in the cool consciousness of business sagacity and of unaltered rectitude. The matter was speedily brought into an open parliament of their common women friends, there to be the subject of an intellectual game of battles and shuttle-cock that is still at its blishest.

GETTING THINGS MIXED.

The Lives of Two Western Newspaper Men Saved by a Proof-Reader.
In a certain Western newspaper office the gentleman whose business it is to record the fluctuations of the live-stock market sits across from the young man to whose lot it falls to report wedding ceremonies. Both, says the New York Times, are graphic writers, and enjoy that latitude of expression characteristic of Western journalism. Both use the same kind of paper, and their penmanship is not unlike.

Not long ago the wedding reporter was suddenly called out of the office, and left in the middle of the table several sheets of paper on which was a description of a fashionable wedding. These sheets were gathered up by the live-stock writer when he finished his report, and the two stories became mixed. This is what the zealous care of a proof-reader, later in the evening, saved from reaching the public eye.

"The church was elaborately decorated with holly and evergreen and the altar was hidden in a wealth of flowers. Out of the recesses rose rare tropical plants, and from the ceiling hung fifteen Western veils, which at this time of year are scarce and correspondingly dear at 6 to 8½ cents per pound. There was also an active demand for choice lambs, and farmers east of the Mississippi river can profitably turn to sheep-raising and take the bride, who wore a gown of white corded silk, a creation of Worth's, with pearl ornaments.

"Then came the maid of honor, the cousin of the bride, Miss Henrietta Blower, of Chicago, wearing a dress of white tulle with diamond ornaments, and she was followed by a small bunch of Montana sheep, which bleated most piteously as they were driven on board and shipped to the winter hotels in Bermuda. They will there be cut on train and slightly despoiled, and after the rest of the party had reached the rail the minister turned and said impressively: 'I can not bid more than 6½ cents for State veils, but cablegrams from London quote refrigerated beef at a price that will enable me to pay \$100 for a car of choice Indian beef, and hearing this there was a rush for the young married couple and the bride fell into the arms of her father, who is known to bear a striking resemblance to a Connecticut ox weighing 1,875 pounds. The market here took an upward turn, and the guests, who numbered about two hundred, were served with a sumptuous dinner at the house of the bride."

Judge from present indications, city marshal Conrad will have a walk-away for the office of Sheriff this fall, as the independent voter becomes more numerous every day.

Among the interested spectators at the democratic convention were J. C. Donnelly, democratic nominee for the State legislature, and George W. Murch, who is posing as their candidate. The convention was largely in favor of Donnelly and Mr. Murch appeared to be lonesome and almost alone. Were it not for the reassuring smile of Garrett Grady, of Waukegan, we believe Mr. Murch would have taken the first train for home, a sadder but wiser man.

CHICAGO is soon to have her annual fat stock show and the numerous editors throughout the country are receiving favors in the shape of "comp" tickets to the same. If the directors of the show really wanted to do the long suffering and much abused editor a favor they would send, in addition to the ticket, a coupon that would entitle the holder to free transportation to their city and board while there. But as it now is we can only sigh Alas! and file it away as a token of wasted generosity.

COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Mrs. James Low visited in Evanston Friday.

M. A. Bennett of Barrington was in town Tuesday.

James Jamieson of Newport was in town Wednesday.

States Attorney Heydecker is East on professional business.

A. D. Buell of Gray's Lake was in Waukegan Wednesday.

A new and tasty brass sign adorns the real estate office of H. C. Hutchinson.

R. C. Price's trotter, Duke, has returned from a successful round of the fairs.

A few days ago P. Connolly purchased 1,000 bushels of oats of M. Lux at Wadsworth.

The Belt Line is running a side track to the safe factory. It branches off at the planing mill.

H. C. Hutchinson has bought of Thomas Rudd for \$3,500, seven acres in the south part of town.

The stone foundation for the main building of the safe factory is almost finished and brick work begun Thursday.

Frank B. Kennard has bought a small piece of Granger Smith's property lying near the railroad and Glen Flora, for \$2,200.

The grounds for the new factories of W. H. Dow & Co. were staked out on Wednesday, and work on the buildings will begin at once.

H. C. Hutchinson & Co., new real estate firm, have sold to C. L. Sawyer and Geo. H. Barnett, a lot 80 x 40 on State St. at a good figure.

The German Reformed church has bought a parsonage in the Northern part of town from J. F. Powell. The price paid was \$10,000.

The Northwestern and Belt Line people are laying side tracks to the site of the new starch works. The former's truck branches off at Warner's crossing.

The Electric Light Co. has received its boilers and machinery and is getting them in position. Poles are also being erected on Genesee and Washington streets.

The place on Grand Avenue known as the Sniff place, fronting 132 feet on Grand Avenue, has been bought by Attorney Starnin for \$25,000, who will build on it.

Last Friday Jerry Dady met with an accident while training his horse for the trot Saturday. Mr. Dady was unconscious for a few minutes. His injuries are about the face.

Rents are advancing in our city. The Blanchard place on State street has rented for \$80 per month. Three years ago it would have been difficult to have got half that amount.

The Peek property, consisting of about 100 feet frontage on Washington street and about 60 feet deep was sold this week to Mrs. Edie Brittan, of Saugatuck, Mich. for \$8,000.

S. W. Marvin of Hainesville was recently here.

Supervisor W. H. Wilmet of Deerfield was recently here.

R. Harrison and Moses Beach of Waukegan have lately visited here.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Todd visited at the Waukegan House this week.

John B. Legnard and J. Wilkes Ford have been East on business trips.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rohlfing of Milwaukee are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dorsett.

Mrs. John Smith of Canada who has been visiting her uncle, James A. Low, has returned home.

S. H. Kennedy now employs a clerk, owing to increasing business in the real-estate and law business.

Max Klein, son of John Klein who resides near the York House, was kicked in the face by a colt quite seriously. Dr. A. O. Wright attends him.

It is reported that E. L. Upton was offered this week, \$30,000 for his place at the head of Genesee St. The offer was refused. He paid \$10,000 for this property two years ago.

Dr. N. J. Roberts has bought a lot on State St. south of the depot hill and next Spring he will erect a commodious dental laboratory and office which will be modern in every particular.

Wood & Kent, appreciating the scarcity of potatoes will receive a car-load from Michigan, consisting of 2,000 bushels. They have orders for nearly that number of bushels now. They have added a meat department to their supply store.

Washington Letter.

Washington, D. C. Oct. 6, 1893.
Mr. Harrison proposes to cover considerable ground this week, and if he puts in a few political ticks in his own behalf he will be only following the example of a long line of illustrious predecessors. He left here today on a special train, his first objective point being Galesburg, Illinois, where his old brigade are to hold a reunion on Wednesday. He goes from there to the Ottumwa, Iowa, Exposition, where Thursday, the day of his visit, is to be "soldiers' day." Friday he goes to the veterans' celebration at Topeka, Kansas, stopping that night with his brother, who lives at Kansas City. Saturday he is to enjoy the hospitalities of the mysterious Veiled Prophet at St. Louis, afterwards going to his old home at Indianapolis, where he will spend Sunday, leaving for Washington early Monday morning.

Congressmen are rare individuals in Washington just now, even those who have filed off a renomination have gone, though they were not in as big hurry to get away as those who had been, or who expected to be renominated. One of the last to go was Representative Kennedy, of Ohio, who remained until he had printed 50,000 copies of his speech, attacking Senator Quay, which was by order of the House, expunged from the Record. When asked what he proposed doing with them, he replied, with a puzzling smile: "I shall place them where they will do the most good." I don't know where that is, but as he has already been defeated for renomination it can hardly be in his own district.

A gentleman known to enjoy the confidence of Mr. Harrison was asked whether Mr. Harrison would be a candidate before the next Republican National convention. After exacting a promise that his name would not be used he said: "Yes, I think he will be, although I have never heard him say so in so many words. But ever since the foundation of the Government it has been customary for the party which elects a President to give him a second renomination unless he has done something to forfeit the confidence of his party, and it has grown into a custom for Presidents to expect it. Mr. Hayes was the first republican who failed to receive it, but of course every one knows why. I confess that I don't see how the republican party can refuse to renominate Gen. Harrison, and should they do so it would be a reflection upon his administration that would not be creditable to the party." That is certainly a common sense way of putting it, and if Mr. Harrison is not a candidate before the convention it will be because he becomes convinced that he could not possibly be nominated and that he is not yet convinced is patent to every close observer of the political chess board.

The Railway Mail Service is to be congratulated. Capt. James E. White, of Illinois, one of the two division superintendents, who remained in office throughout the democratic administration, has become its Superintendent, succeeding J. Lowrie Bell, who has become Second Assistant Postmaster General. Twenty years practical experience in the service

has given Capt. White qualifications for the difficult and exacting position possessed by few other men. Merit exclusively should govern all of the appointments in this branch of the Government, the proficiency of which so greatly affects the business interests of the country.

It is more or less amusing to observe the tactics adopted by the republican and democratic Congressional campaign committees. Each of them is trying to mislead the other, and the most amusing part is that neither is succeeding in the attempt. The republicans brag about their plethora of treasury, perfect organization and affect generally a confidence which they do not feel in electing a majority of the next House, while the democrats tell with long faces about the emptiness of their money box, their lack of organization and the incompetence displayed by the men in charge of their interests, and express fears that they will elect fewer members of the next House than they have in the present one.

The new tariff law goes into effect today. The officials of the Treasury department have been working hard ever since the bill was signed by the president preparing instructions for the collectors of customs, and they have been telegraphed to those too far away to be reached in time by the mails.

Mr. Blaine has about decided to deliver an address on reciprocity at the Atlanta, Georgia, Exposition on the 15 inst.

The idea of an extra session of Congress seems to have been quietly laid away—nothing can be learned of it at the White House.

A. CHINN, Auctioneer. J. J. BURKE, Justice.

Chinn & Burke, REAL-ESTATE, LOANS AND INVESTMENTS.

We have for sale a number of desirable Residences, lots and farms in and around Antioch, and will attend to all matters pertaining to the renting, sale and transfer of the same.

MONEY TO LOAN IN SUMS TO SUIT, on real-estate and other good security.

INVESTMENTS MADE, Rents etc. Collected on small commission.

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